Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

Vol. XXXIX. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, September 2, 1871. No. 39

Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Exhibitions---1871.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, at Lowell, Mass., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 5th—8th.

PENOBSCOT PARK ASSOCIATION. First annual Exhibition at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th.

County Exhibitions.

FRANKLIN, at Farmington, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

NORTH FRANKLIN, at Strong, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

NORTH KNOX, at Appleton, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

EAST SOMERSET, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 12th and 13th.

CUMBERLAND, at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th.

KENNEBEC, at Readfield, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

SAGADAHOC, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.

AROOSTOOK, at Houlton, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.

WASHINGTON, at Jonesboro', Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20th and 21st.

LINCOLN, at Jefferson Trotting Park, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th.

WALDO AND PENOBSCOT, at Monroe Trotting Park, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20th and 21st.

KNOX, at Camden, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th. Farmers' levee each evening. Camden and Warren Cornet Band in attendance second and third days of Fair.

Exhibition of Farmers' Clubs.

ORLAND, at Orland, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28th and 29th.

WILTON, at Wilton Upper Village, Wednesday, Sept. 27th.

DENMARK, at Denmark, Wednesday, Oct. 4th.

MADISON, at Blackwell's Hill, Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

Securing Fodder Corn for Winter.

On account of the larger amount of fodder corn put in this season, and the necessity for its use as a winter rather than a fall feeding crop, it will be important to harvest and cure it in such a manner that the full value of the crop can be obtained. Generally, heretofore, the small quantity grown by farmers has been fed green during the fall months, but this season it will form quite an item in the winter food of our stock. Many have had an impression that it formed a poor food for animals in winter, but this impression has been, no doubt, obtained from feeding out imperfectly cured and musty fodder. Properly cured fodder corn forms a nourishing food, and milch cows, sheep and horses eat it with a relish.

Fodder corn growing thickly is very succulent, and contains a great amount of juice; consequeutly when its growth is checked by cutting, fermentation rapidly occurs, and unless the utmost care is observed, the fodder will be injured before one is aware of it. On this account, as soon as cut, it should be disposed in small quantities in a place, and should never remain long unmoved upon the ground. It can, however, remain a day or two, if spread loosely, without injury. If by inattention it is left too thick, and heating begins, its value is gone. After it has wilted a day, the fodder should be taken up and placed thinly beside fences, or what is a very good arrangement, against horizontal poles placed in forked stakes set in the ground, the poles coming about breast high. A plan involving less labor, and probably serving the purpose as well, is recommended by our correspondent A. E., Paris. This consists in setting single stakes, at convenient distances, fifnly into the ground. Then tie the corn in small bundles, and set six or eight of these bundles lightly against the stake, and tie firmly but loosely with a band. This prevents the shocks from being blown down, and perfect freedom of air to every part is secured. They should remain out until thoroughly dried. When hauled in, the bundles can be unbound and the corn spread over the tops of mows, and also on head scaffolds prepared for the purpose.

Many farmers commit an error in allowing their fodder corn to become too large before it is cut. By so doing, the leaves are more tough and the stalks so large as to be refused by stock. Whereas, cut at the right time when the leaves are tender and the stalks succulent, the whole will be eaten up clean. It is a laborious job to cut up an acre or two of fodder corn with a common corn hook, and many farmers now use the hand scythe as in mowing grass—a little practice being sufficient to throw the tops all one way so evenly that it can be easily gathered up and bound.

In riding about the country we notice large fields of fodder corn, and the amount put in has been in all probability double what it was last season. Upon one farm, recently, we saw at least three acres in a single lot, sowed in drills on sward land, broken late. There will be a use the coming winter, for all that is growing, and farmers will be fortunate who have a good store of it to fall back upon. At the farm of the Insane Asylum near this city, they grow a large amount of it and prize it highly as a food for milch cows, of which twenty head are kept.

Fruit Growing in Maine.

Our correspondent "Bot" is right in calling attention to the superior advantages possessed by our State, as regards soil and climate, for the cultivation of fruit; and our farmers need to be reminded over and over again of these advantages, that they may turn them to profitable account. And notwithstanding so many are appealing to our farmers to raise their own breadstuff, he insists they cannot afford to do so, as long as good fruit commands the price it has for the past ten years. And when western corn can be bought in Maine at the low rates of the present season, it should teach farmers to grow something else besides corn (which probably costs not far from $2.00 per bushel) especially when our apples are being shipped to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, as has been the case the past two or three years. Maine apples bear shipment better than those grown in any other State; which fact will secure a constant demand for our winter varieties at good prices. We have thousands of acres of hard rocky land, unfit for cultivation, but eminently well adapted for orcharding; and our farmers should lose no time in starting out new orchards of choice fruit upon these places. There is no crop grown with which Maine can so successfully compete with the Western States, as fruit, and we do not know a better or more promising field for enterprise for our restless young men, who need some business to keep them active and contented, than to engage largely in the cultivation of choice fruit. If any of our readers do, we hope they will let it be known through our columns.

☞It is stated in the Report of the R. I. Society, noticed elsewhere, that carbolate of lime is the best preventive against moths in cabinets of entomological specimens. Cases in which a small quantity was placed, have remained nearly two years with no occasion for its being renewed.

Beets for Milch Cows.

There can be not doubt that the root crop is a most valuable auxiliary food for the late fall months, and also during the winter and spring; and to one convinced of this, the question will arise, which of all the various root crops, all things considered, is the best and most profitable to raise. Potatoes fatten, but do not add to the quantity or quality of milk. The turnip furnishes a large amount of nutritious food, but has objections with some on account of the unpleasant flavor it imparts to the milk and butter. The carrot is highly esteemed, its cultivation, however, involves a great expense. But the sugar beet seems to possess many qualities that peculiarly fit it as a special crop for the winter feed of milch cows. Some, we are aware, do not think highly of it, but others—and among them the best known dairymen in the country—have a contrary opinion.

We find in the Transactions of the Vermont Dairymen's Association for last year, an article on the cultivation of the sugar beet for feeding to milch cows by Hon. Henry Lane, in which he gives this testimony, from twelve years' experience in favor of the sugar beet: "Yielding, as this root does, with great certainty, a greater amount of food per acre than any other, at less cost, of better quality than the turnip, nearly as good as the carrot for young stock, and better for milk, ready to feed by the first or middle of October, keeping sound in the winter until late in the spring—this root is growing rapidly into favor and general use, cattle, sheep and swine feeding greedily upon it with favorable results to their health and condition." The following, giving Mr. Lane's views on the value of beets as food for cows, their cost, and effect upon the health and condition of the animals, will be read with interest:

"Of the various estimates of the nutritive matter furnished by a crop of beets, comparing it in value to good hay, I have hardly ever seen any two alike. Some estimate as low a quantity as 332 pounds of beets, to be equal in value to 100 pounds of hay, while other estimates place it at over 400 pounds. This difference is not strange when we consider the modifying circumstance of different modes of culture, influence of soil, manures, and the modes of their application, the variation of the weather, the absence or presence of rain, and various other reasons which make the difference in two samples of the same produce to be very great. Analysis may indicate the feeding values of roots, but the observing feeder can best tell their practical value: I am inclined to place 400 pounds of sugar beets as an equivalent for 100 pounds of hay. Thus, a crep of 32 tons per acre would be equal in value to eight tons of hay,—not that beets can take the place of hay, but that 400 pounds of beets, and 300 pounds of hay fed in connection are equal in nutritive effect to 400 pounds of hay. Thus, if you have 24 tons of hay, by raising 32 tons of beets, and feeding them in connections with the hay, you increase the nutritive value to 32 tons of hay, and then the effect of feeding the two in connection with the healthful appearance of the animals fed is decidedly in favor of the mixed feed. It is thought by some feeders that beets when given to cows when fresh, soon after harvesting, are apt to purge them and thus lower their condition, but that after storing a certain time they will no longer act in that manner. This is not in accordance with my experience, nor that of my neighbors. Cows were fed last fall as early as the last of October, at the rate of one bushel per cow per day, with no injurious effects. I fed beets last fall in connection with unmarketable potatoes, and for one month from the 20th of October to the 20th of November, produced from my cows more butter than any month during the summer, except the month of June. One acre of beets will feed a herd of 25 cows, one-half bushel each per day for 80 days, with paying results, in an increasing daily flow of milk and an increased per centage of butter. One-fourth acre of beets of an average yield will feed ten calves four quarts per day, each, for six months, at a cost in addition to their hay, of one dollar and ninety-two cents each. If these are heifer calves, raised to renew the diary, this mode of feeding will tend to develop those qualities most desirable for the diary. Heifers from good milking stock wintered their two first winters thus, will, when put to diary service, make cows that any dairyman may well be proud of. The hogs that every dairyman will keep more or less of, may be wintered cheaper on beets than any other food."

Editorial Notes.

Hon. Frederic Watts, of Carlisle, Penn.—as the daily papers sometime since informed us—has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture in place of Gen. Capron, resigned. The papers also announce that he is a gentleman "thoroughly qualified" for the position, an educated man, a practical farmer, and one who was not an applicant for the position. But how does it happen than before the resignation of Gen. Capron goes into effect, his successor is appointed, when the act creating the Department, approved May, 15, 1862; says the appointment of Commissioner, shall be made "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," and this while the Senate was not in session? Mr. Watts is understood to be a neighbor of Gen. Capron, at any rate is a Pennsylvanian. But the great West would like to put in its claims to the position, and the little East has a number of men "thoroughly qualified" for it. Why this haste? Why not give us a chance to say who we want as chief of our Department? Why do this thing in a corner?

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* urges the sowing of rye, (four bushels to the acre) this fall, to be fed off early in the spring by stock. It will stand the winter well, will give a choice feed as soon as the ground is bare, and will be off in season for a crop of corn, potatoes, roots or grain. Why not try it as soon as rains occur to render the sowing safe?

A Maine man, now a resident of Minnosota, addressing us recently, says: "While I am writing I desire to thank you for the editorial, "An Invitation to a Drive," in a late number of the FARMER, and also for the account of your ride to East Winthrop. I was familiar, as a boy, with the localities you referred to. Have been over the road you mention in your "Invitation" a hundred times at least; and was well acquainted with, and have stopped at the Captain Whiting house. Not having been in Maine for over twelve years, it seemed like visiting familiar ground, and next thing to being there myself, to read your vivid descriptions. May I have the pleasure of seeing more like them."

It is hardly necessary to call the reader's attention to the large number of excellent and practical communications in our present number, nor to refer to those that have successively appeared in every issue of our present volume. At a time when this department of all the agricultural journals in New England appears in cramped quarters, our own, through our regular and occasional contributors is equal to the winter harvest season from the farmer's brain, so manifest in all agricultural newspapers—and is a matter in which we take a just pride.

Our list of exhibitions to take place the coming autumn, receives additions from week to week, and we counsel all farmers to contribute to and attend these annual festivals.

Death of Hon. P. Barnes.

We chronicle the decease of Hon. Phinehas Barnes, of Portland, with sincere sorrow; and although the daily press has told of his useful, industrious and honorable life, yet we desire to say a word or two in memory of one whose death removes from among us a true lover of agriculture and friend of the farmer. Our readers, possibly, may not be interested to know that he graduated at Bowdoin in 1829, became eminent as a lawyer and legislator, took a leading position in political affairs, was actively engaged in many social and philanthropic enterprises, and won the confidence and esteem of the community in which he lived—but they will, we feel sure, be interested to know that he had a genuine love for agriculture, and had given it, in all its bearings a great deal of thought. He may be said to have been the father of the new system of husbandry, or the plan of plowing and manuring our lands in autumn preparatory to the spring planting—a system we deem of great importance to our agriculture—his views upon which are fully set forth in an able address in the "Agriculture of Maine" for 1866. He was formerly a member of the Board of Trustees of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and was strongly urged to accept the Presidency of that institution. In 1866 he prepared for our columns a series of articles on Agricultural Schools, and the education of farmers and mechanics, emboodying a more thorough and comprehensive view of the whole subject of industrial education than had ever been presented by an American writer, which were included in our State Agricultural Report for that year, and also issued in pamphlet form. He was one of our regular contributors, the author of the articles on "Agricultural Mining in Maine," "Transmission of Mechanical Power," and others, with the same modest signature which will be remembered by our readers. A hard working lawyer, with an extensive business, he had no time to put his love for farm life into actual practice, but he was an eminently practical man, and loved to think out agricultural problems which were always put into so expressive and forcible a form as to command attention and work good results. His character was one of thorough integrity and stability. In his private relations he was beloved and happy. He had a family of seven children, three daughters and four sons, one of whom, Francis Barnes, Esq., is now President of the Aroostook Agricultural Society.

Fall Seeding of Grass Land.

A correspondent at Paris makes some inquiries in regard to the seeding of grass land in autumn. He says the practice, which was urged strongly by the late William Buckminster, founder of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, who claimed a sort of fatherhood of what he called the "new husbandry," has succeeded well in that State, when properly done, and he does not see why it should not in Maine. We have no doubt that in a favorable season it would do well, and have often invited our readers to try the plan and report its results. But we are not aware of any attempt to carry out our suggestion; and presume the universal custom of spring seeding will not at present give way to so radical a change. Perhaps our correspondent, having been a resident of Massachusetts, may be induced to try the experiment here for the benefit of our "native" farmers.

Since writing the above, we have received a note from a Penobscot county correspondent, in answer to a previous inquiry in our columns upon this very subject. He is decidedly opposed to fall seeding, and writes that it is his practice to prepare the ground in the fall and sow the seed the last of March or first of April. The past spring he obtained a good catch in this way, and is now engaged in top-dressing it, and notwithstanding the unfavorable season, has the prospect of a good crop another year.

The Meadow at Togus.

It will be remembered by our readers, that in the account given a few weeks since of the National Military Asylum at Togus, we spoke of the improvements upon the farm, and alluded particularly to the sinking of the bed of the stream by which the draining of the entire meadow had been accomplished at one operation. We spent a few hours at the Asylum one day last week, and were much interested in viewing the improvements upon this meadow which Gen. Tilton is now engaged in carrying out. Nearly the entire surface has been plowed, and we saw a team of eight heavy oxen still turning up the clear, black mould, with one of the largest sized Michigan plows. After the sod is turned it is nicely leveled off and the crevices filled up by means of the bog hoe in the hands of sturdy workmen. Then the surface is rolled with a heavy roller, and coarse gravel, to the depth of three inches, is spread evenly over the top. We did not learn—the General being absent at the time of our visit—but presume this gravel will be incorporated with the original soil of the meadow another spring. The ground will then be seeded, and the expectations are that two tons of choice English hay per acre, will be the result. At any rate, a costly experiment, the results of which will be not only interesting but valuable to every farmer owning similar land, is being carried forward in the most perfect manner.

Acknowledgements.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following publications:

Bowdoin Scientific Review, Brunswick. Profs. Packard and Goodale. $2.00 per year, semi-monthly. [The number for Aug. 15th contains some interesting notes of a recent botanical tour to the White Mountains.]

The Canadian Entomologist, Nos. 3 and 4 of Vol. 3. Terms, $1.25. London, Ont.

The American Naturalist, September: Salem, Mass. $4.00 per year. [Contains a very fully and interesting department of natural history miscellany.]

Transactions of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, 1870. Joseph S. Pitman, Providence, Sec'y. [Contains a valuable historical paper on the Origin of Woolen Manufacture in the United States; The Valuation of Rhode Island for 1869; Necrological Sketches of Deceased Members; Rhode Island Patents in 1870; Meteorological Record for the Year, and other interesting matter.]

American Journal of Science and Arts. New Haven, Conn., Dana & Silliman. [The August number is one of unusual interest, especially to the general reader, having interesting articles on the System of Weather Telegraphy, Tornadoes of the Southern States, Distribution of Vegetation in San Domingo, and the Searsmont Meteoric Stone, besides a full department of Scientific Intelligence.]

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Another New Departure.

Nothing in the political vocabulary is so mercilessly and ruthlessly abused in the present time as is the newly hatched and oft-quoted expression, "new departure." Nor is it wholly applicable to the action of a political party here unnameable. Religious bodies and sects, colleges and schools of learning throughout the length and breadth of the land have followed hard after its originators in its adoption and incorporation into their own phraseology. There is in it a seeming tingle that attracts the attention, allures the mind, and, if the motive be a right one, inspires enthusiasm. New departure—casting aside the issues, the worn-out methods, the trials and dangers of the past; taking up the present issues, adopting the new methods and looking forward to future triumphs and ultimate success, "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Such is its true definition. However much abused and however great a convenience as a cover, as a shield for disreputable purposes it may be, there is still in this expressive phrase a something that tells of genuine worth, which, when rightly used, will develop into great usefulness, and in the course of time "will bring forth much fruit."

It is with these views that I preface a few remarks. In the full and firm belief that all "new departures," when necessary and when likely to prove sincere and radical," are always best and always advisable, I come to the subject matter of this article, viz: the "new departure" of the State College at Orono. Yes, I repeat it, the "new departure" of the Orono College. Hardly similar to those other "departures," still I state it as a self-evident fact that our College *has* "departed." Although the institution remains the same in principle, although the design is unchanged, and although the course of study, with a few modifications, appears essentially as at first, yet there *has* been a "departure" and there *is* to be a "departure." We all are aware that from the very first, even from the very organization of the College down to within a very short period there has been at all times from many quarters a most stubborn and jealous opposition to the institution and all concerned therewith. There is little need to mention from whence all this trouble emanated; it would be directly foreign to the subject of this article to criminate any one or to attempt so to do. It is enough to satisfy the strongest and most ardent admirer of the institution that the bulk of that opposition has gradually crumbled away and left nothing but earnest wellwishers for its future success. The College has had its struggles and severe ones they were; it has fought a hard fight and is gaining the victory; it has worked itself up to its present honorable station. Like all new ideas it has borne shame and partial defeat, has been non-plussed and baffled, and on many occasions has received the ridicule and cutting sarcasm of those who should have been its best and bravest defenders. But it has, through the energy and perseverance of its officers, passed though the ordeal successfully and is even now reaping its just reward. That is the "departure" our College has made. Strengthening as it grew it has thrown away all those encumbrances that dwarfed and belittled its existence; and cleared from all those early complications, it has now started out on its career of usefulness and will ere long place itself neck and neck with the older institutions of learning in our State. Is not that a noble "new departure?" The election to the Presidency of one in every way so well fitted will mark an epoch in its history and augurs well for the pre-eminence of the College over and above all other competitors for public patronage.

I have thus briefly stated the "departure" that *has* been made. I now come to the "departure" that *is* to be made. The Agricultural College in Massachusetts has just graduated its first class, and the general character and appearance of the graduation exercises were such as will cheer the heart of every farmer, and in fact every practical, commonsense man in New England. This sending out young men year after year, whose minds are weighted not with intricate passage gleaned from the classics, but rather with the more valuable and lasting knowledge which will go with them through life, aiding them in their labors and enabling them to aid others, thus building up the people in the united strength of body and mind, is the work, the design and the fruit of these Agricultural Colleges. Our College has completed its third year and the tenor and drift of the closing exercises were apt and encouraging and forerun a bright display at the coming graduation. Yes, the Orono College, in one short year graduates its first fruits. Their outgo will celebrate the "departure that *is* to be made. This "departure" will inaugurate a new era which will bring to the State, in the persons of our practically educated young men, great good and gain. Such an institution (and the more the better) will be of untold value in the coming years in developing the State's resources and in elevating her people, through the medium of these graduates, to a higher standard of moral and intellectual worth. The farmers' and mechanics' time is coming, surely and steadily, and would you hasten that event? We must give this our College not only our moral support, but let us give to it in all manner of ways and shapes our hearty, earnest co-operation, aiding it in all its researches, encouraging it in all its enterprises and hailing with joy all its grand and glorious "new departure."

"BREWSTER."

Portland.

For the Maine Farmer.

From Charlotte County, N. B.

The Weather and Crops.

The spring with us was rather late and dry. The latter part of May and first of June was unusually dry and warm. Since the middle of June we have had frequent showers, quite timely and sufficient for the growing crops. The weather up to this time has been very pleasant, with cool and comfortable nights. All kinds of crops, hay excepted, have made a fine growth and promise well. Our hay is lighter than any that we have ever recorded. I judge in this County it will on the uplands be above one-half of a fair crop; with many farmers it will be much below this. Some land in the woods that has been cleared quite recently will produce as much hay as in any previous year. North of this County the crop is good. The failure with us is owing to three causes; the severe drouth of last summer, the laying bare of the fields in the latter part of the winter, and the drouth of this spring. I notice where the snow laid the longest and the ground in fair condition, the yield is very fair. I judge by this that the winter-killing is the principle cause of the failure. Wild meadows are very good. Our pastures seem to have suffered as much as the fields. Exposed pastures were much winter-killed; this with the grasshoppers is giving our cattle a hard chance. I have not learned how far north and east the grasshoppers extend. Here we never had the like. If there were three times the stock in our pastures and no grasshoppers, the feed would be better; and were it not for the frequent and light rains of late, which give our fields and pastures a very good chance for them to feed on, our growing crops would suffer very much. As yet they have not damaged growing crops much. Cows are not producing much butter; farmers who have no corn fodder for them will miss it. The growth of straw through the winter. Notwithstanding, there will be a great reduction of stock. Now it behooves us to pursue a different course to secure more reliable and uniform crops of hay. Heretofore we have been in the habit of applying the most of our manure to the dryer parts of our farms for hoed crops; this I think a mistake. From some experience and observation I find that by cultivating our wet low lands, swales, log meadows, &c., we will be much more sure of a good supply of hay. It is not expensive to drain such land sufficiently for grass, and with a small part of the dressing required for our uplands it will produce uniform and good crops of hay. Such land, when cleared, is generally neither drained or manured and left to itself to produce what it will, which in most cases will be indifferent in quality and the yield uncertain. Rocky swales drained and smoothed for the scythe, with an occasional light dressing, will be found to produce good crops of hay. A small amount of top dressing has a great effect. I have never found anything equal to hard wood ashes.

I see accounts in the late numbers of the FARMER from different parts of your State that are quite gloomy. Say what we will, when a farmer's most important crop is cut off he will naturally feel gloomy; but somehow under such reverses we have always managed to make a living, and in the end it may be as well or better for us—it may stimulate us to a more thorough and better course of cultivating the soil, which we all know is much needed.

Moore's Mills, Aug: 14. S. C. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

Arnold's Cross-Bred Wheat.

I think you commended hybrid wheat raised by Charles Arnold of Paris, Ontario, Canada, last year, and might like to inform your readers how it proves upon trial. Mr. Arnold sent me a few quarts, part of which I distributed to others, and sowed a part in August on very light, sandy soil, which had been planted with potatoes, and manured only with Cumberland Super-Phosphate for this crop. It stood the winter perfectly, well ripened, and was cut July 20th, the yield is all which could be expected (not yet threshed) under the circumstances. At the same time I sowed two other sorts received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, highly commended. They started equally well, but every plant perished during the severe winter. If Arnold's wheat is "midge-proof" as alleged, and as good and hardy elsewhere as it proved here, it certainly is worthy of the attention of the farmers of Maine. A small portion was reserved and sown this spring, hoping to change it to a spring wheat. The result is not yet determined.

S. L. G.

Saco.

NOTE. We append to the above,—the initials to which will be readily recognized—a statement from a Vermont correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, contained in that paper of 16th inst., respecting his experiment with this wheat. He says: "The peck of seed received from Mr. Arnold was sown about the middle of Septemper last on good wheat soil, which had been prepared in the usual way. The plants showed great vigor during the fall, and passed the severe winter without loss or injury. At harvest, which occurred very early, the stand was very thick and beautiful, though the seed had been sown thinly. As the crop is not yet threshed, I cannot report a yield; but it is estimated to be a superior one. The kernel is this year quite plump and white. In short, I esteem this variety very highly from one season's trial of it, and anticipate the highest good to the country from Mr. Arnold's untiring labors in cross-breeding wheat."—ED.

For the Maine Farmer.

More about Dogs.

Every lover of good society will thank you for opening your columns to the discussion of this very important question. Our object in these discussions should be to cure and not to kill. Those who keep dogs are our fellowmen, and we do not write out of personal ill feeling, but to convince them of error. We wish to cure them of the erroneous idea that dogs are, or possibly can be a blessing to the world. In every civilized community there are a great many benevolent societies who labor for the good of the poor and unfortunate to lessen their labor and better their condition. Every thinking, right educated person knows that we owe it as a right and a duty to the laboring classes—the producers—to ease their burdens and lessen their toils. The next thought, of course, is how to do it. The cost of keeping dogs, to say nothing of the lives and property they destroy, is enormous. Allow me to copy one item now before me:

"If all that the dogs of this country eat were fed to hogs it would make $50,000,000 worth of pork. And these dogs do no good, to say nothing of the 800,800 sheep they kill annually."

Now Mr. Editor, friends of reform everywhere, have we a right to allow such a state of things? What *right* have I to give to a worthless dog ten cents' worth of food while I *know* there is *somewhere* a needy brother or sister? Some time every one of us is to give an account of our stewardship. "Give an account of thy stewardship" was not spoken without a meaning, as all of us are yet to find out. We have no right to let the unfortunate suffer for the necessaries of life. Brother, sister, you have no right to give that piece of meat or bread to that dog while you know of a needy brother or sister. Given to a chicken it will make a nice broth for that sick sister over the way, who will some time rise up and call you blessed.

When I see and know of the millions that are expended on this useless class of animals, and then think of the sufferings in the world, I feel like weeping over the inhumanity to man. Do we expect to escape the law of compensation? Do we expect there never will be a day of reckoning for the sufferings of the poor? *Three thousand people starved to death* in the city of London last year. How many in the United States may never be known. Who is responsible for all this?

SEWARD MITCHELL.

Cornville.

For the Maine Farmer.

Information Wanted.

Several correspondents of the FARMER give us good advice about buying corn for our stock, but it sounds like the Irishman's story about cheap living in Ireland, where a meal could be bought for a sixpence; but on being asked why he did not stay he said "he did not know where to get the sixpence." Now farmers, or most of them, raise money by selling their surplus produce, and if their crops are nearly a failure—for in hilly towns they certainly are—where is the money coming from?

Now if (as one correspondent writes) beef sells from $9 95 to $10 75 per cwt.—here two year olds bring only $10 to $12 and good cows from $15 to $20—who gets the cream? If it is the butchers, then, oh ye men of money, pitch in, get rich. Buy up all the poor stock at $10 per head, buy corn and fat them, it will pay!

And while contriving to be prudent would it be any harm to whisper a word in the ears of the men we send to represent us? Why not take the advice of our good Governor in his last year's address, where he recommended a biennial legislature? I should judge by reading Mr. Lebroke's lecture entitled, "Law for the Farmer," that as far as we are concerned once in ten years would be sufficient, for to come to the "nice" question we must employ a lawyer any way. Some towns are extravagant in the extreme. When a purchaser comes to buy a farm he first inquires how the taxes are and have been, and makes his offer accordingly. Farmers are taxed without much variation in regard to prices, and when he figures to pay his taxes with *one* cow, but finds in the fall it takes *four*, how can he help feeling "blue?"

C.

Hampden.

For the Maine Farmer.

Coperas Water for the Currant Worm.

Your lady correspondent of Orono says she tried the copperas water recommended in the FARMER and it did no good. I also tried it on my currant bushes and it cleaned off the worms. I dissolved one pound of copperas and added twelve gallons of water and sprinkled them with a wisp of hay, giving them a thorough wetting, (which is better than to apply it with a watering pot,) and in about ten days I had to repeat it as the fly deposited a new set of eggs as soon as the rains washed off the copperas. These pests have cost me much time and labor for the last five years, while others have entirely lost their bushes by their ravages.

A. G. COOK.

Presque Isle.

For the Maine Farmer.

Crop Prospects in Minnesota.

In a region so extensive as Minnesota, embracing as it does an area two and one half times as great as that of all New England, the weather of course varies according to localities, and upon the same day one portion may be drenched with heavy showers, while another is drying in hot sunshine. It is impossible to make a general statement that shall be strictly true as regards the whole of it. Confining myself, therefore, to those portions with which I am familiar—the northern and central—I may say that the spring was cold and dry; the earlier summer, hot and dry, and the last month hot and wet.

The small grains, wheat, oats, &c., will yield much less than the average per acre, the straw and heads being very short, but the grain is well filled and plump, and the quality of what there is, therefore, is above the average. As usual of late years, there will be a surplus of several millions of bushels of wheat for export to you at the east.

Corn never looked better, or promised a better yield. I would like to show some of my old Maine friends, who used to think a four-acre corn field a very large one, a field of forty acres now standing one mile from this village, on the prairie.

Potatoes will once more yield a full crop, the Colorado striped bug having taken its departure after a three years stay, for regions further east.

The hay crop is very heavy, and such of it as was gathered early is in good condition, but those persons who have not yet secured a full supply are having a wet time of it. Here in Minnesota, unlike the other Western States, and like the Eastern States, hay is the main dependence for wintering stock. But haying here is a very different operation from what it is in the East. Very few fields are laid down to grass, and prairie grass is almost never cut owing to its poor quality. The natural meadows, along the streams, by lakes, and between wooded ridges, furnish a growth of natural grasses—such as blue joint, red top and foul meadow—all of which, as farmers well know, make fine hay—of two to three tons to the acre, year after year, without other care or attention than cutting and securing it in the proper season. How long these meadows will continue to thus produce grass, of course we cannot tell. I am acquainted with some that have been mowed regularly for ten years past, and now produce as well as at first. Haying is hard work any where, but it is not so hard and disagreeable here as in more eastern States. The usual way is to mow the grass in the forenoon of one day, after the dew is off, allow it to lie in the swarth until the afternoon of the next day, or longer if the weather should prove bad; then with three-tined forks pitch the swaths into cocks of about one hundred pounds weight each. Bearing in mind that grass that will not yield two tons per acre is very rarely cut, it will be understood that the swarths are heavy, and experience has taught us that this is the best way of gathering hay. Rakes are very rarely used, and though some scattering hay is left on the ground, yet, where hay is so plenty and cheap, it does not pay to be too particular. The hay is allowed to stand in the cocks and cure for two or three days, or even a week, and is then hauled to the barns and stables, or else, and this is more in the usual course, is "poled" together, twenty to forty cocks in a place, by two men with long, light pointed poles, which are slid under a cock, parallel with each other, about three feet apart, when one man takes hold of them in front of the cock and the other behind, when raising them from the ground, they easily and quickly carry that particular cock to where it is wanted. The twenty or forty cocks are then quickly pitched into one large one or stack, of one or two tons, looking precisely like a large hay cock and standing on the bare ground in the same way. A long hay rope is then twisted on one side of the stack, near the bottom; one end of it swung over the top of the stack, brought down the other side, and tied to a shorter one that has been twisted there. This is to keep the top from blowing off. It is then left until snow flies, and the owner is ready to haul it to where it is to be used. Hay put up in this way keeps surprisingly well and with very little loss. But to account for this, it should be remembered that we have a very drying climate, and that it never rains during the winter season. To show how cheaply hay is obtained, I may mention that I have just had seven tons delivered to me at my place here in the village, at a cost of less than four dollars per ton.

HOWARD M. ATKINS.

Princeton, Mille Lacs Co.. Aug., 1871.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Big Scare.

There seems to be a big scare among us, frightening the poor farmers more than is necessary, I think. My reasons for which I will give these:

First, I think farmers, as a general thing, will, at housing time, have as much hay and fodder, of different kinds, as they had last fall. Last season we, in this part of the county, commenced feeding in July, and continued to feed through the season. This took away a great amount of fodder, that we shall save this fall, as we have the promise at present of very good fall feed. Again, there is a greater area of grain sown this year than usual, and as for fodder corn, there is a great amount planted, more, I think, than has ever been raised in these parts before put all together. Then we have had feed sufficient to fatten our cattle, many of them, so that we can dispose of them for beef, and corn is looking finely, though backward it gives promise of a heavy yield. Potatoes have the appearance of a bountiful crop. Beans are very good and appear to be free from rust. So now, brother farmers, is there any real cause to be frightened, if we only look at things calmly and not listen to croakers, who are always looking through sunshine for darkness; which they seem to enjoy for the best.

But we are told that beef is very cheap; so it is compared with prices five years ago. But look at the prices of other articles, and it will help our courage by the comparison. Then again look at the price of beef in 1855, and ask yourselves how you lived at that time. At that time one bushel of corn cost the consumer almost as much as two does now here in Oxford county, and last winter's experience tells us that stock of all kinds can be wintered with a small amount of hay, if liberally fed with corn. Again, every farmer has a family, or should have one, and we can afford to put in a quantity for family use this year, for it is a fact that we cannot dispute, that farmers eat the least beef of any class of people in the country, when they should consume the most. Let farmers eat more beef and buy less flour, sugar, spices, &c., and we shall grow stronger and wiser instead of weaker. Another item of living that is very much neglected is the garden. Every farm should have a good large spot devoted to gardening. Let us fall back on this old way of living and take the western style of living, and there will be no need of going West.

C. B. SMITH.

Denmark.

For the Maine Farmer.

Queries for Correspondents.

I have just broken up two acres of grass land, a gravelly loam. I intend to plant half of it next season and wish to seed down the other half to grass without planting. I can muster together about three cords of decent compost. Now what I wish to inquire of your correspondents is, would it be better to spread the three cords over the whole acre and seed down to herdsgrass and redtop early in September, or spread the whole compost over a part of the acre and seed down this fall, and next spring apply compost to the remaining part and seed down to oats and grass?

A. E.

Paris.

Does the want of sufficient heat prevent Black Hamburg and White Chasselas from maturing in the open air, or can they be ripened successfully? What prevents their extended cultivation?

Would a goat be preferable to keep for a small family, and what is the usual price for a good one?

A. G.

Rockland.

Woman's Department.

Notes with Readers.

Will not our Mount Pleasant correspondent, S. L. J., please forward her address. The other matters of which she speaks of forwarding will be welcome.

We thank our Yarmouth contributor for her kind expressions. It is pleasant to have the commendation of those for whom we prepare this column; and it is also a satisfaction to know they take a new interest in the FARMER since it has been established. We trust our old correspondents will see to it that its interest and value are sustained.

A lady writer in the *Country Gentleman*, speaking of her flower garden, says a true thing when she warns those who are thinking of starting one, against "too great economy of space." She writes: "I once fancied it a great waste of ground to sow Aster seeds an inch apart, as a friend said I ought, but thought five or six seeds to the inch better; the flowers can be imagined! I learned by experience, however, that twelve inches were better than one!" At this season, as we look at the crowded flower beds showing any number of imperfect blossoms, it is a good time to enforce the above rule. It applies to asters, zinnias, balsams, mirabilis and plants of like habit of growth. Do not forget it.

Are not former contributors to this department of our paper willing to send us additional items from their domestic experience on household and culinary matters for publication?

From our Correspondents.

Kindness.

I wish there was more of it among us than there is, for it is the best thing in the world to buoy up the spirits of the poor, the distressed and the disconsolate. When we see one of our fellow mortals in trouble or cast down, we should meet him with a smile, with kind words and acts of action. This will serve to raise him up and make him feel happier. Whereas, on the other hand, if we should pass him unnoticed, or point the finger of scorn at him, it would serve to sink him lower and to make him feel more miserable. Who has not felt the influence of a kind word or look from a friend? I dare say there are but few who have not. We all know in a degree the value of kindness, therefore why not be more liberal in bestowing it upon those around us? It will serve a double purpose, for it will make us happier as well as those upon whom it is bestowed.

MRS. D. F. J.

To Crystalize Grasses, Flowers, &c.

Dissolve six ounces of alum in one quart of water, boil until dissolved; steep the grasses or flowers in the solution while hot. By the time the water is cold the crystals will be formed. If the crystals are too large add more water. Separate the little branches gently, taking off the surperfluous lumps. Fern leaves, oats, flax and the long feathery grasses are the most beautiful for crystalizing.

Moss Baskets.

Get the moss from some old woodland; the green feathery moss is best. Then take pasteboard and make a frame in any form desired. When the pasteboard forms are cut out take bright colored thibet, silk or satin, and cut pieces the same shape as the pasteboard forms, only one-fourth of an inch larger. Place the pasteboard on the cloth, glue or paste the edges down and sew the pieces together. Take a narrow strip of pasteboard, cover with the same the basket is covered with. Then take pieces of chenile cord and braid over and under the length of the strip. Fasten each end to opposite sides of the basket. Cut the moss from the roots, paste it thickly on the outside of the basket; take chenile cord like that on the handle or bail, glue it in every seam inside and around the top, taking pains to do it all nicely, and the work is done.

To Prepare Gum Tragacanth,

for making

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, September 2, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money's remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will canvas York County during the months of July and August.

Mr. EDWIN G. BRIMMER will call upon our subscribers in Washington during the months of July and August.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call on our subscribers in Oxford County during August and September.

A Talk with Voters.

We are on the eve of a State election and the partisan press is teeming with exhortations to diligence in the service of party. May we not address a few words to our readers reminding them of certain obligations that politicians are apt to put in the background.

In the first place let us remark that the issues between the two political parties are not just now very clearly defined, nor is the influence which the result of the Maine election will exert on those issues likely to be so great that voters need feel so forcibly as usual the necessity of an unflinching support of the party ticket. To be sure the political papers are crying almost as loud as ever about the gravity of the issues, the lofty principles of their respective sides, and the high character of their nominees, and the voter who is in the habit, like too many men that we know, of regarding his paper as a gospel of political truth, feels sure that the salvation or ruin of the country is contingent on the success or failure of his party in this particular election. Now we do not underestimate the importance of the questions before the public. On the contrary, were there no doubt about the position of the parties with respect to them, we should hold it to be the plain duty of every citizen to support *strenuously* the party whose principles and probable practice he approves. But, as we maintained some weeks ago, when criticising the declaratory resolutions of the Democratic and Republican State Conventions, the issues are not clearly made up. The language addressed to the public shows a desire to temporize. The fundamental idea of a political party is an association of citizens of common opinions on matters of government for the purpose of putting their opinions in practice. It often happens, however, that the party becomes rather a machine for carrying elections and distributing the spoils, and opinions and principles are treated as weapons to be taken up or laid down as convenience may dictate. Hence, at a time when old questions are at the point of decision there is great anxiety among the party leaders, both ins and outs, lest, in selecting weapons for contest on a new ground they shall get the duller ones and be worsted. So they temporize and watch to see "how the cat is going to jump."

Such being to a great degree the position of affairs to-day, we feel justified in urging those of our readers who are voters to give more than ordinary consideration to the personal character of the candidates. It is the bane of our political system that it affords to men whose ambition exceeds their integrity too great facilities for getting into power. It is not necessary for us to rehearse the manner in which this is done. Our readers are already familiar by observation with the intriguing and log-rolling that accompany almost every election and caucus, and the result of which is that many men are chosen to fill places of responsibility and trust, who do not possess the confidence even of their own party. Whether or not there can ever be considerations of public policy so urgent as to warrant an honest man in voting for a rogue, it is safe to say that such considerations do not exist now. It is therefore a favorable time for the inauguration of a new practice. Let no man of doubtful integrity receive your vote. To republicans we say that an honest democrat is better than a dishonest republican, and to democrats that an honest republican is better than a dishonest democrat. We are aware this sort of doctrine will not meet the approval of many party managers or of their most devoted followers. If not bold enough to dispute its soundness they will at least strive to keep it in the background, while they preach up, as the chief duty of man, the voting of a straight ticket. What becomes of party discipline, they ask, if voters are to be encouraged to criticise the party ticket and to scratch the names they do not like; and without discipline how are we to carry the elections? We confess that we are not much alarmed at the prospect of a decline in party discipline. Indeed we think that such a relaxation as should render the defeat of an unfit nominee tolerably certain would be a decided gain. No party deserves success that seeks to attain it at the cost of incompetency and dishonesty in the public service. The best way to enforce this principle is for the rank and file of a party to assert their right to judge of the fitness of nominees and scratch the names of all that are bad. If the objection is made that the views of the rank and file are supposed to rule the caucus where the nominations are made, we answer that however this may be in supposition, in fact it is quite otherwise. Caucuses are commonly ruled by cliques who constitute a minority of the party. We think it is the duty of voters to attend these primary meetings more faithfully, and to see to it that good men are put in nomination, but at the same time the caucus should be only a meeting for consultation, leaving each person who participates therein free to vote the ticket or not.

Finally, it is the duty of every citizen to be at the polls and count one for what he believes to be right. Eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty but of good government.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR. We are informed that the New England Fair, to be held in Lowell, Mass., September 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, promises to be the most successful exhibition ever held by the Society. The grounds are ample and all that could be desired; there is a superior half mile trotting course; an abundance of pure water for drinking and other purposes is provided, with other conveniences for the comfort of man and beast. The usual arangements have been made with the principal railroads in New England with regard to the transportation of freight and passengers. The entries of stock, sheep and poultry, have been more numerous than usual, and the entries in other department will be equal to those at any previous Fair. During the Fair there will be a balloon ascension, a regatta, and other entertainments provided by the city of Lowell. Every effort will be made by the citizens of Lowell to provide for the entertainment of the thousands who will visit the Fair.

Some apprehensions have been felt that the small pox which has prevailed in Lowell for several weeks past might have unfavorable effect upon the prospects of the Fair. These fears are without foundation. An official statement by the Board of Health made on the 23d inst. shows that there were but 21 cases, including those of varioloid. These are situated at least a mile from the Fair Grounds, and are confined to a single locality. There has not been a new case reported since the 18th, and the disease is rapidly disappearing.

☞At a meeting of the Board of Trustees and Overseers of Bowdoin College on Tuesday last, Gen. Chamberlain accepted the office of President tendered him in July last.

THE LATEST RAILROAD SLAUGHTER. We give elsewhere the details of the appalling disaster which occurred on the Eastern Railroad near Boston on Saturday evening last. Thus far the number of deaths from the collision have reached thirty-two, and several others are lying in a precarious condition, with little hope of their recovery.

The event has produced a profound feeling of horror and indignation in the public mind throughout the country, and there is a universal demand for a thorough reform in the management of railroads, by which human life shall be made more secure, and for the holding of those upon whom the fearful responsibility of such disasters rests to a stern accountability.

A public meeting was held in Swampscot on Monday evening, which was addressed by distinguished gentlemen, and resolutions were unanimously adopted referring to the confusion and irregularity which has recently prevailed in the management of the Eastern Railroad, and the inadequate provision for the wants of the travelling public, recommending a reform in the system of running railway trains, demanding the most rigid investigations into the causes of the recent catastrophe and the bringing of the guilty parties to trial and punishment. A committee was also appointed to confer with the Railroad Commissioners, and other legal authorities, to devise measures to prevent the recurrence of such horrors, and especially to suggest the adoption of the telegraphic system in the running of trains, and, if necessary the running of express trains on separate tracks.

The investigation before a coroner's jury is now progressing, which it is believed will result in placing the responsibility for the disaster where it rightly belongs. Thus far it would seem that the immediate blame rests with the conductor and engineer of the Pullman express train, although there is reason to believe that the delay in starting the accomodation train from the Boston depot was, after all, the primary and inevitable cause of the terrible catastrophe which followed.

☞The Augusta Water Company have commenced work on their reservoir at Kennedy Brook, for the supply of the city with pure water. A dam is to be built across the brook at an elevated point, about 500 yards west of the State House, forming a natural basin of about twenty acres at an average depth of about ten feet, which is to be supplied from inexhaustible springs of pure water on the lands of the Company. Upon the completion of the reservoir, service pipes will be laid through the principal streets, and we trust the enterprise will meet with a generous encouragement from our citizens.

☞Mr. Oliver Hinkley of Monmouth, has left at our office, a novelty in the shape of a pew cricket, the invention of Mr. W. G. Brown of that town, which is a decidedly ingenious and convenient article for the purpose designed. It consists of a neat, adjustable wooden frame, to be attached to the front of the pew, and which can be drawn out and folded back at pleasure by the occupant. It is a great improvement on the various clumsy contrivences for which it is intended to be a substitute, and we have no doubt it will find favor with those lazy Christians who wish to "enjoy religion" in the most comfortable manner possible.

EXAMINATION OF PENSIONERS. In accordance with the law passed twelve years ago, (March, 1859,) all soldiers who are pensioners and who have not actually lost some essential member, (not the use but the member itself,) are to be examined by a Pension Examining Surgeon before being paid the installment of pension due Sept. 4th, 1871, if the *date* of pension certificate is prior to March 4th, 1871. The words "*biennial examination not required*" are writen in the Pension Certificates of all such as are exempt from examination. Drs. J. W. Toward, Isaac H. Stearns, W. B. Lapam, are the Examining Surgeons for Augusta.

☞Mr. L. L. Gardiner of Sumner has a pair of twin yearling steers so nicely matched that it is just about impossible for a stranger to see any difference in them. He had them last season of E. M. Harris, Parkman. He refused $125 for them before they were one year old. They now measure 5 ft. 8 in. having had no provender since they were turned to grass in the spring. Mr. Gardiner has eight yearling steers averaging 5 ft. 6 in. In the spring of 1870 he sold a pair of steers, two years old, that weighed 2700 lbs. to John A. Baker of Lewiston, for $205. Last spring he sold a pair of the same age that weighed 2760 for $205.

☞The inauguration of Rev. Chas. F. Allen of Bangor, recently elected President of the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, will take place in the Congregational Church at Orono, on Thursday, 31st August, the services commencing at 2 P. M. Ex-Governor Coburn, President of the Trustees, will preside, and the following will be the order of exercises:—Music; Prayer; Music; Introductory Remarks by the Presiding Officer; Inaugural Address by President C. F. Allen; Music; Benediction.

SAD ACCIDENT. A Clinton correspondent writes us that last Saturday morning Dr. P. M. Whitten of Hunter's Mills in that town, rode into the door-yard of his uncle, Ira Whitten, with his little boy, an only child, about fourteen months old, whom he left in the yard at play with a little cousin, daughter of Ira Whitten, and on returning to his team he found his child under the team in a dying condition with his skull stove in. Without a doubt he crept under the feet of the horse and was crushed to death, as the beast was stamping to keep the flies away.

CONTRIBUTION TO MAINE HISTORY. The work upon which Prof. John Johnston, of Middleton University, Conn., has for many years been engaged, is announced as soon to be published by J. Munsell, Albany, N. Y. It is a history of the towns of Bristol and Bremen, with notices of Ancient Pemaquid, and will form an important addition to our State history. It is a subscription book, and parties wishing for copies should make immediate application to the publisher.

☞The Jackson Village High School, West Sumner, will be reopened Sept. 4th, under the management of Mr. J. B. Chaffin. Mr. C. is a native of Sumner, and was formerly known as a successful teacher of common and select schools in this vicinity. For the last three years he had successful charge of the Free and High Schools of Portland, West Virginia. The people in the vicinity are deeply interested in the success of the school, and the prospect is very flattering for a full and profitable term.

☞The Kennebec County Democratic Convention was held in this city on Monday last. The following nominations were made: For Senators, John W. Freese of Augusta, Geo. C. Getchell of Waterville. County Commissioner, Lauriston Guild of Sidney. Treasurer, Ai Staples of Augusta. Register of Deeds, Charles Osborn of Vassalboro'. Clerk of Courts, Emery O. Bean of Readfield.

☞The new barge of the Knickerbocker Steam Towage Company, we are glad to learn, has found a name (going, however, a long ways to find it)—the "Yosemite." The barge will make one of its popular excursions from Augusta to Boothbay, on Friday, Sept. 1st, with music, dancing and refreshments, and landing at all points of interest in Boothbay Harbor.

☞The Unitarian Society of this city have acceded to the request of Rev. W. A. Cram to be relieved from his engagement as pastor of the Society.

☞Mr. Austin of Pera, started his drive of 300 cords of words for Lewiston, one week ago last night.

POLITICAL NOMINATIONS. The following nominations were made at the several county conventions held in this State last week:

Cumberland County. Democrats—For Senators, Nathan Cleaves of Portland, Paul G. Blanchard of Yarmouth, James Trickey of Cape Elizabeth, and Zebulon Jackson of Naples. County Commissioner, Silas Skillin of North Yarmouth. Judge of Probate, H. J. Swasey of Standish. Register of Probate, H. J. Bradbury of Westbrook. Treasurer, Lemuel H. Storer of Harpswell.

Aroostook County. Republicans—For Senator, David Dudley. Sheriff, Lewis B. Johnson. County Commissioner, Joel Bean. Treasurer, Sylvanus N. Pushey.

Androscoggin County. Republicans—For Senators, Jeremiah Dingley, Jr., of Auburn, Jesse Davis of Webster. Sheriff, Thos. Littlefield of Auburn. Judge of Probate, Cyrus Knapp of East Livermore. County Commissioner, John Read of Lewiston. Treasurer, Alcander F. Merrill of Lewiston.

Knox County. Republicans—For Senator, Timothy Williams of Rockland. County Attorney, Jonathan P. Cilley of Rockland. County Treasurer, Gilman S. Barrows of Camden; County Commissioner, William H. Hodgman of Warren.

Democrats—For Senator, Henry Spaulding of South Thomaston. County Attorney, A. S. Rice of Rockland. County Commissioner, John Davis, 2d, of Friendship. County Treasurer, George W. Berry of Rockland.

Franklin County. Republicans—For Senator, F. M. Howes of New Sharon. Judge of Probate, Horace B. Prescott of New Sharon. Register of Probate, B. F. Atkinson of Farmington. Treasurer, I. W. Merrill of Farmington. Commissioner, J. A. Thompson of Phillips.

Washington County. Republicans—For Senators, D. J. Sawyer, Jonesport, D. K. Chase, Calais. Commissioner, John Gardner, Calais. Treasurer, Ignatius Sargent, Machias. Clerk of Courts, P. H. Longfellow, Machias.

Sagadahoc County. Republicans—For Senator, Hon. James W. Spaulding. Treasurer, Henry M. Bovey. Commissioner, Fred J. Parks.

Democrats—For Senator, A. J. Fuller of Bath; Treasurer, Lincoln Webb of Woolwich; County Commissioner, D. W. Berry of Phipsburg.

BANK DEFALCATION IN BRUNSWICK. A dispatch from Brunswick on Saturday last, says an examination of the affairs of the Pejepscot Bank of that town, shows by the Bank Commissioners, shows a defalcation by the cashier, Mr. Rogers, to the amount of $36,000, amounting to more than three-fifths of the capital of the bank. It appears he has kept two distinct sets of books nearly ten years, thereby covering up his "irregularities." His bonds amount to about $25,000 and it is thought his real estate will cover the balance of his deficit. Mr. Rogers has been cashier of the bank and also Treasurer of Bowdoin College for many years. He was a prominent church member, and most esteemed citizen, and the announcement of his defalcation has created great excitement and surprise. Much sympathy is felt for his wife and family.

The capital of the Pejepscot Bank is $50,000. The Portland *Press* states that Mr. Rogers as Treasurer of Bowdoin College, had some days previous rendered a full account of all the funds and other property of the College. He was arrested on Saturday by U. S. Marshal Marble, and taken to Portland and committed to jail.

SOMERSET COUNTY. At the August meeting of the Skowhegan Trotting Park Association, the purses were won by the following named horses:

First Day—Purse $40, for four-year-old colts, $25 to the first, won by No Name, owned by ——; $10 to second, won by Olive Logan, owned by ——.

Purse $70, for horses that have never beaten 2.45—$40 to the first, won by May Queen, owned by Chas. Emery, Skowhegan; $20 to second, won by G. L. Fox, owned by A. M. Savage, Waterville; $10 to third, won by Butter Ball, owned by Chas. Jones, Fairfield.

Second Day—Purse $100, for horses that never beat three minutes—$50 to the first, won by Prince Boy, owned by Enos Gray, Solon; $30 to second, won by Bay Boy, owned by Chas. Merrow, Farmington; $20 to third, won by John Gilpin, owned by Delany, Augusta.

Purse $60, for horses that have never beaten 2.50—$30 to the first, won by Butter Ball, owned by Chas. James Fairfield; $20 to the second, won by Little Mac, owned by Brackett, Pittsfield; $10 to the third; won by Gentle Annie, owned by H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.

Third Day—Purse $65, for all horses that have never beaten 2.55—$35 to the first, won by Prince Boy, time 2.50; owned by Enos Gray, Solon; $20 to the second, won by John Gilpin, owned by Delany, Augusta; $10 to the third, won by Neptune, owned by A. M. Savage, Waterville.

Sweepstakes—Purse $165, open to all horses. $90 to the first, won by Troublesome, time 2.35; owned by S. H. Jacobs, Skowhegan; $50 to the second, won by Daniel Boon, owned by Larkin, Farmington; $25 to the third, G. L. Fox, owned by A. Savage, Waterville.

☞The Bangor *Whig* says that on Tuesday, 22d ult., the only portion of the European & North American Railway on which iron was yet to be laid was between Hoyt Brook bridge and the Upper Mattawaumkeag bridge, a distance of six miles. It is believed that in sixteen working days from that time the job will be completed and the rails continuous between Bangor and St. John. The ballasting is about half done, but a large force of men is at work, with five trains, and it will soon be completed.

☞Mr. Elbridge Crowell of West Waterville attempted to commit suicide in his store on Monday morning last, by shooting himself with a revolver. He fired two shots, both of which took effect in nearly the same place upon the forehead, but glanced off, making a severe scalp wound. He will probably recover. It is supposed that business troubles had affected his mind and led to the attempt at self-destruction.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. Notice of the time of holding the following fairs in this State have come to us, since our outside went to press:

North Kennebec at Waterville, Oct. 3d and 4th; Washington at Pembroke, Sept. 27th and 28th; West Penobscot at Exeter, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.

☞The formal opening of the completed European & North American Railway between Bangor and St. John, N. B., has been postponed to October 18th, to accommodate President Grant, and other distinguished gentlemen who have accepted an invitation to be present on that occasion.

☞In the case of Elbridge W. Reed of Medway, whose trial before the Supreme Court at Bangor for the murder of John Ray in September last, has been in progress for the past week, the jury on Tuesday rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree. The counsel for the prisoner have filed exceptions, and will ask for a new trial.

☞On Friday, 18th ult., the public schools of Benton and Clinton participated in a union picnic in the grove of Otis Pratt of Benton. The table was loaded with luxuries, and appropriate remarks were made by Revs. Chas. and Sullivan Bray and B. P. Reed and N. W. Randall, Esqs.

☞The Newton, Mass., *Journal* says that for the past two weeks a thousand head of beef cattle have been received each week from the State of Maine at the Brighton Cattle Market. They are thin in flesh, owing to the scarcity of feed in that State, and sell at very low prices.

☞Gov. Perham has nominated Rev. C. F. Allen, President of the Agricultural College, a member of the Board of Agriculture, and Dr. John T. Gilman of Portland, Trustee of the Insane Hospital.

☞We have received from friend John D. Lang, one of the Board of Indian Commissioners, the second annual report of the Board made to the Secretary of the Interior for submission to the President. It is an interesting document.

☞The *Somerset Reporter* has been changed from a folio to a quarto form. With a slight improvement in the press-work the publishers will make quite a good looking paper.

For the Maine Farmer.

"The Rotten Bridge."

I thank the FARMER for speaking in its last issue, plainly and justly, concerning the terrible affair at the Hampden railroad bridge, intimating where the fault lies. And now let me ask why it is that incompetent men are placed on a commission on the faithful discharge of whose duties depends the lives and limbs of the traveling public?

I think I am safe in stating that there is at least one gentleman upon that Railroad Commission who cannot tell spruce timber from hemlock, or hemlock from basswood, and it appears that none of them could tell sound timber from rotten, or at least they did not after their examinations, the last one no longer ago than the 8th of June. But if it is said that they are competent to ascertain whether timber is sound or rotten, then does not the charge of crime lie at their doors for not reporting the true condition of this bridge in the proper manner, and taking such measures as would have protected the lives and limbs of the unsuspecting passengers on board of that ill-fated train.

Now does not the public interest demand the removal at once of that Board of Commissioners, and the appointment of a Board composed of practical men, thoroughly acquainted with timber and bridges, and in whose examinations and reports the public can have confidence.

JUSTICE.

FAILURE OF A GREAT WATER POWER. The water power at Minneapolis and St. Anthony in Minnesota, which has been described as magnificent, and was supposed to be extremely valuable, turns out to be worthless. St. Anthony's Falls, it was supposed, would furnish easily, and at comparatively small expense, unlimited and inexhaustible power for manufacturing purposes. The falls, however, have proved to be very uncertain. Disastrous "breaks" have occurred, from time to time, until the trouble became unmanageable. Vast sums of money have been expended to protect the water power, all in vain. The people held a meeting, recently, to consider what can be done; and it came out that the water power companies are desirous to get rid of their stock. They proposed to have it taken off their hands by the formation of a general joint stock company. Finally, the two cities decided to advance $100,000 to pay the expenses of another effort to patch the falls and save the water power, which will probably be as vain as the previous efforts. These failures must be due to something wrong in the method of dealing with the water power. In 1857, St. Anthony's Falls extended as a cataract, across the river from shore to shore, with a direct fall of water averaging about 16 feet in height. Below this cataract was a rapid. At an earlier period, the perpendicular fall of water was lower down the river and twice as high. Since 1857, repeated "breaks" have nearly reduced the cataract itself to a long rapid; and, of course, this change will be incessant. The water power companies have failed to take proper account of this inevitable and incessant change. Therefore they have suffered disaster, and lost great great sums of money.

THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL FRAUDS. On Wednesday last, special meetings of the New York Board of Supervisors and Common Council were held in that city, one to receive the city and the other the county accounts. These accounts begin January 1, 1869, and end July 1, 1871 Accompanying them Mayor Hall sends a message in which he asserts that his duty in connection with the signing of the warrants is only "ministerial," merely certifying that they are in due form—that the present authorities had no choice but to pay off $10,000,000 of old claims before the new government could go into operation. The valuation of the city and county real estate he gives at $244,000,000. He invites the boards, finally, to appoint a committee to co-operate with "unpartisan committees of citizens" in overhauling the vouchers. This invitation has been accepted, Recorder Hacket, Mr. Jerome and another supervisor have been designated to undertake the investigation.

WRECK OF A STEAMSHIP AND TWENTY LIVES LOST. The steamer Lodona, Capt. H. R. Hovey, which left New York on the 13th of August, for New Orleans, foundered in a gale on the 16th, seventy-five miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., and twenty of her passengers and crew, with all the cargo, valued at $200,000, were lost. The survivors were the captain's son, the first and second mates, chief and assistant engineer, a fireman, four sailors, the head cook and mess boy, the latter of whom was picked up on Tuesday near St. Augustine and gave the first tidings of the disaster. The Lodona was running in Mallory's Southern Steamship Line. She was partially insured. Captain Hovey, her commander, leaves a wife and seven children at his home in Essex, Conn. The Lodona was an iron steamer of about 1800 tons burden, built in Hull, England, in 1862. During the war she was used as a blockade runner.

CUNDURANGO A FAILURE. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

It will be remembered that the State Department received last spring from Ecuador a small quantity of cundurango, together with the most flattering testimonials of its qualities as a specific cure for cancer, and quite an excitement was created throughout the country at its discovery. Hundreds of applications for small quantities were received from persons afflicted, but as the supply was very limited, the Department could not comply with these requests. Desiring, however, that its merits should be fully tested, portions were sent to prominent physicians in the leading cities, with the request that they would give it a fair trial, and report the results to the Department, in order that more of it might be procured if it should be found to possess the qualities represented. A number of well known physicians in various cities have already reported to the Department that they have given the cundurango a full and fair trial. They are of the opinion that is possesses no peculiar merits for the cure of cancer. Some express the opinion that it is of similar nature to Virginia snake root, but of no use as a cure for cancer.

☞The Biddeford *Union* says, the story concerning the romantic elopement and marriage at the Pool, which we copied from the Saco *Democrat* last week, was not true in several particulars. The father did not exactly fancy the young man his daughter had set her heart upon, who by the way is a young Cuban in business in New York city, and by no means so indigent that he was compelled to take $300 from his lady love in order to reach here, as the *Democrat* says, but when his daughter told him of her marriage, the paternal blessing was not long withheld and all things speedily went "merry as a marriage bell." The bride was presented with a sum of money as a wedding present and a liberal dowry was settled upon her.

HELMBOLD REDIVIVUS. The New York *Commercial Advertiser* of Friday last, says, in correction of various rumors in circulation detrimental to Dr. Helmbold, the latest being a report of a gunning accident at Long Branch, we are informed that the Doctor never was in better health and spirits. His prospects are bright, and ere long the great advertiser will shine more brilliantly than ever. With Helmbold there is no such word as fail.

☞One young lady has already declared her attention to apply for examination for the regular course at Colby University, and others are expected. Its terms of admission are precisely the same for ladies as for gentlemen. Young ladies will be expected to board and room in families, and simply to attend the required exercises at the college.

☞Twenty-two candidates for the Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, presented themselves for examination on Tuesday last, and were admitted. Fifteen others had made application, but were not present at the examination.

THE ST. JOHN BOAT RACE. The following particulars of the race between the English and New Brunswick boatmen, at St. John, N. B., on Wednesday, 23d, and the fatal episode attending it, are narrated by a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*:

"By daylight this morning, the streets were filled with people, and all night carriages, wagons and foot-passengers were pouring into town. At four o'clock, the first train of twenty-one cars left for Riverside, with a fair compliment of passengers, and the next, a half an hour later, was crowded. The carriages began to start at five o'clock, and before six nearly every available conveyance, from a barouche to a rattling, springless market-wagon, was on the marsh road. The horse cars for Indianhaven, the starting point of the steamers, began running at four o'clock, and by six some twenty-five steamers, from the fine river boats to the little tugs, were steaming up the river. By six o'clock the space between the track and the water was crowded. Up in the fields on the right, hundreds were sitting in carriages, while the thousands in the highway were constantly on the move. Near Riverside station a temporary telegraph office had been erected, and further on a well-known Bostonian was selling pools in small sums, all at odds, of two to one. Sevgral Montreal men, anticipating a second Lachine, had just arrived with some thousands, all of which they were anxious to invest on the Tynesiders. Every one willing to risk one to two on St. John was readily taken up, and in many cases three to one was freely offered. Bright, the spare man, of the Tyne crew, was on the judge's boat backing his friends heavily. On a line outside of the course and near the judge's boat, were anchored the steamers, all crowded with spectators, and every available standing place on the wood boats were at a premium. The grand-stand, however, presented a lonesome appearance. Nearly twenty-five thousand people had a good view of the race.

By seven o'clock all were in their chosen places anxious for the race to begin. The water was perfectly smooth over every part of the course, but slightly rippled by the breeze in exposed places. The boat of the St. John crew was towed down early and the men walked down along the shore and getting aboard the judge's boat waited for their opponents. The latter appeared with their boat on their shoulders at five minutes past seven, launched her, and going to their float took their places. In a very few minutes the St. John men, too, were ready. The Tyne men were bare to the waist, while the St. John men still wore their pink shirts, all having their heads bare. Fulton called out, "Now give the word; the quicker the better." His crew seemed nervous and eager to start. Both boats were ordered back a little, then the St. John farther still. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" said Mr. Jones. "Ready," replied the two strokes, as they dipped their oars in the water. "Go!" cried he, two or three seconds later; and they went off splendidly, St. John getting the water first. Those alongside noticed that the Tyne stroke was a queer one, and it seemed as if the men had never sat in the boat together. Nevertheless, the Tyne went ahead, Renforth settling down to thirty-nine to the minute, two quicker than usual, and Fulton gaining slowly at forty-four, the same rate at which he started.

The stroke of the Tyne was still uneven, Renforth evidently intending to show his stern to the New Brunswickers as soon as possible. While in this view he spurted two or three some time before reaching the grand stand, a mile up the course, but without shaking off his pursuers. This was only for a few seconds, however, when Renforth was seen to drop an oar, look over his shoulder, threw up his arms and fell back into Kelley's lap. The excitement was awful. The Tyne boat lost headway. The St. John men shot ahead and the Tyne headed for the shore. Cries and shouts of "Sold out," "Foul play," "Shame," "Fraud," "Pull ahead," and "Go it, St. John," were heard. When the crew reached the stand, with Renforth a dead weight in the boat, it seemed at first as if the dying man would be mobbed. There was hardly a person who believed it possible that such a muscular and powerful man could have even fainted or sustained any accident. All along the shore there seemed but one feeling that of regret that the race could not have been fairly rowed to the end and decided on its merits. The crowd on the judge's boat were in a state of the wildest excitement, not knowing what was the matter; and Mr. Oldham, the Tyne umpire, said his men had turned in to avoid a foul. Meanwhile the others had put the dying oarsman in a carriage, and while Chambers accompanied him to his quarters, Kelley and Percy, with a long, clean, beautiful strokes, very different from any they had shown in the race, rowed back to the starting-point and reported that Renforth had fainted. While he was being put on shore, the people were cheering as if their throats would burst. Every steamer was whistling, and Fulton was setting his men steadily on to the stake-boat at forty-one strokes to the minute. Without a spurt or hardly a sign of a change they turned in eighteen minutes and two seconds, and started back at forty-two. The boats kept encroaching on the course and only with a great deal of trouble was it kept clear enough for a single boat. Within half a mile of the end of the six miles, Fulton increased the stroke to forty-four, and came in amid shrieks, cheers, hat waving and a chorus of steam whistles, the time for the full six miles being thirty-nine minutes, twenty and and three-fifths seconds. The steamers pulled up their anchors, the little tugs turned around and the race for Indiantown began in good earnest. The throng in the road, on the hills and along the shore, slowly surged toward the city, as one then and, all unmindful of the great oarsman then lying on his death-bed, like a great funeral procession. The trains took back thousands, the long line of carriages started over the dusty road, and by noon the Kennebeccasis was as quiet as before the arrival of the many thousands that, on that morning saw the champion oarsman of the world set his last stroke.

When Renforth was raised from the boat he had evidenly been suffering greatly. He looked around a few moments, staring wildly. He was placed in a barouche and driven rapidly to the Claremont House without covering or medical attendance. It is reported that he said while in the carriage, "We are beaten, and beaten badly; the St. John crew is the best crew in the world." Upon reaching his quarters, he was at once attended by five physicians, who bled him, but that afforded but little relief. The body was cold and the blood driven inward so that little more than a gill flowed from the open parts. He at one time threw up considerable mucous matter, and during the whole examination articulated but very little, breathing very hard. A second time he choked and discharged some matter of a pinky hue. He spoke to his companions shortly before his death. He spoke to his crew of his approaching end, and one of the last words he spoke was "wife," although it could not be made out what he wished to say. He died at ten minutes before nine o'clock, of congestion of the lungs, brought on by over-exertion and nervous excitement. The sight of that strong man lying dead on the bed, with his companions, who could not restrain their tears, around him, was a sight long to be remembered.

The crowd had reached the city by ten o'clock and by that time the death of Renforth was known at the hotels; and fifteen minutes later every one knew that the champion was dead. The mayor having proclaimed it a public holiday, all the stores were closed and flags were flying from all the hotels, flagstaffs and public buildings. In less than twenty minutes every flag, without exception, was at half-mast. The The city has really worn an appearance of mourning, and there have not been the least signs of rejoicing. The pink which was so rampant everywhere in the morning has been quietly removed, and everything betokens the sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the loss sustained by the rowing fraternity of the world. There is some talk of a meeting to express the sympathy felt by the citizens generally. The coroner's inquest will begin to-morrow.

INDIAN AFFAIRS. Col. Stanley of the 22d Infantry, commanding the middle district of Dakota, writes from Fort Sully, July 30th, an official letter upon the numbers and disposition of the various hostile tribes of Indians in the interior of that territory. He continues: Since I came to this country the buffalos have constantly moved westward and the Indians have followed them, and several times I have heard from the Indians that they intended to go wherever the buffalos went. He thinks it impossible to induce these Indians to rejoin their own bands. When the Northern Railroad crosses the Missouri, the entire Sioux question will be brought to a head, and, in his opinion, will only be solved by an Indian war of some magnitude. Until that time he would recommend conciliatory measures with the Indians.

☞At the meeting of the Historical Society at Pemaquid on Thursday last, Arnold Blaney, Esq., presided, and Hon. E. W. Farley delivered an excellent oration which was well received. After the oration remarks were made by President Bourne, Dr. Woods, Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Deane of Boston, Prof. Johnston of the Connecticut Railroad, and Messrs. Sewall and Hackleton. The grounds were reviewed before the meeting was organized.

Items of Maine News.

The cars on the Knox & Lincoln Railroad will run to Waldoboro' this week.

Rev. Mr. Gunnison, pastor of the Universalist Society at West Waterville, died Friday.

Good hay is selling in the Lewiston market at $25 per ton.

Conductor Gray is rapidly recovering from the effects of his injuries received in the railroad disaster.

The *Journal* says that Biddeford has $630 in the bank accumulating as a fund for a soldiers' monument.

Edward Haley, an Irishman, was upset from a canoe in Ceputneticook Lake on Saturday, Aug. 19, and was drowned.

Mr. Joseph Bean of East Sullivan, who is now 86 years old, has been postmaster for more than thirty years. He resigned the office a short time since on account of old age.

John F. Lawrence of Penobscot County, found guilty of murder, and sentenced in September last to be hanged, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

Mr. Elisha Coffin, an aged and worthy citizen of Harrington, died very suddenly on Wednesday last. He was engaged washing his face, when he fell and expired.

It is said that a new frigate is to be built at Kittery navy yard, involving the employment of an additional force of several hundred men for a year or more.

As the Maine Central freight train reached Waterville from Winthrop Thursday morning, one of the cars was found to be on fire, and before it could be extinguished the whole top was burned off.

Through the liberality of Hon. S. H. Blake of Bangor, Bowdoin College has been enabled to secure, by purchase, a large and valuable Herbarium. This collection of plants is particularly rich in New England and Western species.

The house of Nathan Doane of Newburg was struck by lightning on Thursday night last and consumed, together with the shed and barn. The furniture was saved. Loss $1500; insured $500.

The *Chronicle* says that cattle and horse buyers are plenty in Franklin County, probably owing to the short hay crops, but the farmers rightly conclude not to sell at ruinous prices. Good prices are demanded and generally received.

Thomas L. Pennel of Brunswick, employed in the Androscoggin pulp mill at Topsham, was caught by the machinery on Tuesday, 22d ult., and had his leg so badly crushed that he survived but a few hours.

Brig Pomona of Richmond went ashore twenty-five miles south of Cape Conoveret August 17. Her cargo of cotton can be saved.

We learn that over twelve thousand people were present at Wesleyan Grove camp meeting, Northport, Thursday, fully one-third more than ever before attended on one day.

Schooner Ophir, from Bangor, with kiln-wood, including a heavy deck load, fell off from the wharf at Rockport last Monday, at low tide, and was damaged badly, filling at high water. The deck load was thrown overboard, but will be recovered.

The coronor's inquest on the body of James Mitchell, the brakeman who fell from the cars at Yarmouth on Monday, rendered a verdict that he was accidentally killed in the discharge of his duty.

During the thunder storm Friday night the lightning struck the barn of Jedediah Richards in Lincolnville, setting fire to the hay and killing a cow near the barn. The barn, hay and dwelling house were entirely consumed by fire. Loss about $1200; not insured. Mr. Richards is left without a dollar of property.

The *Whig* says that a little son of C. F. Manter of Milo, about two years old, was drowned in Pleasant river on Friday last. The child had been in the field with its father but had returned to the house, and he seeing it enter the yard supposed it to be safe, but on returning to the house found it was not there, and it was soon after found floating in the river. Every effort was made to restore it to life, but without avail.

Mrs. Lydia Brown, now living with her daughter, Mrs. John Wood, of Eastport, is now in her eightieth year and has lived to see her fifth generation. Her oldest child, Mrs. Wood, is in her sixty-third year. She (Mrs. B.) has eight children, forty grand-children, and eight years ago she had thirty-eight great grand-children, now, a great grand-child, eighty-seven in all.

In the case of Spencer, indicted for setting fire to his store in Bangor, the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. They were, therefore, discharged, and the foreman, Aaron Haynes of Passadumkeag, was reprimanded by the court, Judge Cutting, and dismissed from further attendance upon the court for having held conversation with the prisoner, his bondsmen and counsel, during the progress of the trial.

The Bath *Times* has a long account of the splendid new mill of Messrs. Treat, Lang & Co., in that city. It was planned and the drawing made by Capt. E. W. Atwood of Gardiner, and the work was done by Messrs. Atwood & Howland, who also put in one of their best double connection up-and-down saws. The shingle, clapboard and general mill machinery was made by Jos. Perry of Gardiner. This is one of the best mills in the State.

Patents were issued last week to the following Maine citizens: Tristam S. Lewis of Buxton, for washing machine; Lemuel R. Palmer of Belfast, for stave jointer; Everard S. Crowell of Augusta, for pump; George H. Guilford, for machine for making excelsior; Joshua Vesey of Highland, for wagon and cart brake; Daniel Woodsum and Frank M. Woodsum of Harrison, for water wheel; Washburn Peabody of Orono, for axe.

The Bridgton *News* says on Tuesday while Miss Maria Lewis was at work in the Pondicherry mill, in Bridgton, her clothing became entangled between the belt and pulley of a loom at which she was working, dragging her between the belts and upon the pulley. Fortunately the belts being loose, the clothing stopped the motion of the pulley and she was rescued from almost certain death without further than slight bruises upon the lower part of the face and the almost total destruction of her clothing.

Hay is selling in Dexter says the *Gazette*, at about $25 per ton, but it is not taken remarkably quick at that. Many express the opinion that it will not bring more than $20 next spring.

The *Journal* says a swarm of honey bees nearly took poss ession of C. Parker & Co.'s store in Lewiston, Friday. They resisted the most artful efforts to hive them, and the proprietors

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, Aug. 23. There was a collision last night on the Midland Railroad near Leicester. Many persons were injured.

A meeting in favor of the ballot was held in Birmingham last evening. Speeches were made and resolutions adopted condemning the course of the House of Lords in the rejection of the bill providing for the use of the ballot at elections.

A serious disturbance took place yesterday at Newcastle, where the workmen are on a strike, and new hands are employed.

The disturbances at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne continues, and the authorities are contemplating calling out the militia.

A foreign ship has arrived at Shields with cholera on board.

The report that the potato crop of Ireland is almost ruined by blight, proves an exaggeration. A semi official statement to-day says the crop is good.

London, Aug. 24. A strike by 1500 workmen has occurred at Leeds.

The disturbances at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne have not been renewed. The newly employed workmen were hissed yesterday by the strikers but no serious trouble is apprehended.

Queen Victoria is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. Gurney, the British Commissioner under the Treaty of Washington, sails for the United States on the 9th of September, accompanied by Sir Stafford Northcote and eldest son as Secretary.

London, Aug. 25. The *Independent Belge* of to-day discredits the reported appearance of cholera at Antwerp. At Konisberg, Wednesday, there were 127 cases of cholera and 48 deaths, and at Dantzic, on the same day, 12 cases and 10 deaths. It is reported that the epidemic is decreasing in Prussia.

London, Aug. 25. About 200 German and Bulgarian workmen arrived at New Castle today to replace the miners who are on the strike.

Rome, Aug. 26. The government of Great Britain and the United States have chosen Count Luigi Corti, Italian ambassador to Washington, as the third arbitrator under the treaty of Washington upon all questions between those countries which are not comprised in the Alabama claims.

Dublin, Aug. 27. The French deputation made their departure from Kingston to-day.—The roads were crammed with vehicles bearing flags and bands playing American airs and French airs. The enthusiasm is intense. The feeling is evident between the police and the people, but no disturbance occurred. The police are holding aloof. The procession paraded through the principal streets and the houses on the line of march were decorated. It was an extraordinary Fenian demonstration.

FRANCE.

Versailles, Aug. 23. The prolongation of the power of Thiers as President of the Republic is now assured.

Another installment of 300,000,000 francs of war indemnity has been paid Germany.

At a meeting of the Deputies of the Left, a counter bill was adopted for the disarmament of the national guard. It is asserted that Thiers accepts the bill as a government measure. It is thought that all parties in Paris will agree upon the gradual disarmament of the national guard when the bill for the reorganization of the army becomes a law.

The evidence before the court martial establishes the fact that the Federals, disguised as firemen fed the flames in Paris with petroleum. Collet, a prison director under the Commune, deposed that he received Ferre's order to shoot hostages under his charge and he declined to comply.

Versailles, Aug. 24. The bill which was proposed by Gambetta for the consideration of the Republican union of deputies in the Assembly on the ground that its discussion has proved fruitless and the election of a Constituent Assembly in its place. The bill also makes provision for the resignation of Thiers when the Constituent Assembly is elected. The discussions upon the question of the dissolution of the Assembly are exciting, and a conflict is apprehended.

In the trial of Assy before the court martial to-day, the prisoner's counsel boldly charged the Versailles troops with using petroleum shells during the seige of Paris. The court promptly silenced the accuser and stigmatized the assertion as infamous.

Versailles, Aug. 24. In the Assembly to-night there was a debate upon the bill for the disbandment of the National Guard.

Gen. Pelisier, a brother of the Marshal spoke in opposition to the measure, which he characterized as unfortunate and dangerous. Vicount Meaux followed in a speech demanding an immediate and uncompromising disbandment, which was vociferously cheered by the deputies of the right. Thiers objected to an immediate action as unjust. He asserted that only a portion of the Nationals were unfit to bear arms. Being violently interrupted by the right, Thiers concluded by saying it was evident he had lost the confidence of the Assembly, and he knew what course to adopt. The amendment proposed by Gen. Ducrot providing for a graduate disbandment was then adopted.

Paris, Aug. 24. *La France* says that an understanding has been reached between the committee of the Assembly and the government respecting the dissolution of the National Guards, and that a discussion on the subject in the Assembly and a conflict over disarmament are both improbable.

The German Ambassador, Count Walderze, has complained to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count de Remusat, of the existence of a league for the deliverance of Alsace and Lorraine from the hands of the Germans. Count Remusat replied that such a league is illegal, and it should be dissolved.

Versailles, Aug. 25. It appears that M. Thiers actually wrote his resignation, but relinquishe his intention of presenting it to the Assembly after the adoption of Gen. Ducrot's amendment to the bill for the disarmament of the National Guard, which amendment supports the views of the Executive. The excitement shows no diminution.

The journals sorrowfully comment on the scenes in the Assembly yesterday. It is said that Thiers will accept no compromise on the question of the prolongation of his powers. Faidherbe has written a letter censuring the Assembly, and resigning his seat as deputy.

London, 26. Thiers last night was determined to resign, but did not state his determination in the Chamber because his frequent repetitions of the threat to resign, have made it ridiculous as he seems to feel. He is surrounded by friends who refused to communicate his purpose to the Assembly. It is thought that the subsequent vote on the National Guard measure will tide over the trouble.

GERMANY.

London, Aug. 28. The Morgen *Post* of Vienna advocates an alliance between Austria and Germany and says Germany needs Austria as a counter balance against France and Russia, chiefly so at the present time when the French government is about to introduce a plan to increase her army to 200,000 men. Germany is also interested that the Black Sea should not fall under the control of Russia.

Late advices seem to corroborate the active arming of Russia and the remodelling of the entire army, in expectation of war with Germany, which is preparing to form alliances with Austria and Italy against France and Russia combined. In diplomatic circles in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome this intention is said to be understood.

SPAIN.

Paris, Aug. 24. It is rumored on the Bourse this afternoon that an attempt has been made to assassinate King Amadeus of Spain. The King received no injury.

Madrid, Aug. 26. The entry of the Carlists into Spain is imminent, and preparations on an extensive scale have been made to meet the threatened invasion. Five heavy columns of troops have been sent to the frontier and the civil guard has been concentrated.

The Archbishop of Madrid in a circular to the clergy of his diocese, requires them to refuse the sacrament to those persons who are married only by civil rite, and announces that unless public repentance is made, all such marriages will be treated as concubinage.

ITALY.

Rome, Aug. 24. Th church at Bologna, lately, was struck by lightning. Thirty-two persons were killed or injured.

Rome, Aug. 25. Disturbances of a serious nature occurred in Rome to-day. A conflict took place between the police and populace, during which one person was killed and two wounded.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Emperor William will remain at Gastein a fortnight and then visit the King of Bavaria at Munich.

The Spanish Government has ordered the release of Lafargue, recently arrested as a member and agent of the International Secretary.

Four cases of cholera are reported in Berlin, two of which were fatal.

Very tempestuous weather is reported, and much damage to shipping and many vessels ashore, chiefly on the Irish coast.

In Lamara, a town of Greece, a powder magazine was struck by lightning and exploded, doing great damage.

A correspondent says the English foreign office has been warned to watch the proceedings of the Emperors at Gastein.

Another Frightful Railroad Disaster.

Thirty-Two Persons Killed and about Forty Wounded.

One of the most terrible railroad disasters which ever occurred in New England, took place on Saturday evening last at the North Chelsea, or Revere station, on the Eastern railroad, about five miles from Boston, the result of a collision between the Pullman night express train for Portland, and the Beverly accommodation train crowded with passengers for the Camp Meeting at Hamilton. Among the killed were Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, pastor of the Arlington church, Boston, and Rev. Dr. Sumner R. Mason, pastor of the First Baptist church, Cambridgeport. The following details of the disaster are copied from the account given in the Boston *Journal* of Monday last:

The evening accommodation train, which stops at Beverly, Nolan conductor, should leave the passenger station in this city at 7.15; but owing to the lateness of the train due from the camp, which was to return, it did not start until a quarter of eight, a full half hour behind time. The train consisted of baggage car, smoking car and three passenger cars, the four last being crowded, even to the platform. Two engines were attached to the train. The conductor seemed to have some fear that an accident might occur, as he stopped the train near Somerville so long that the passengers became excited and some of them left the cars.

The Pullman train, or Portland express, left the station on time, at exactly eight o'clock, a little more than ten minutes behind the accommodation, stopping only at Somerville. Just before reach Revere it slackened speed, as if to give the Beverly train an opportunity to get out of the way. At this point, according to the statement of passengers on the accommodation, it was so near as to be plainly seen. The accommodation train had reached Revere, made its stop, and had just commenced moving away from the station when the express came rushing over the track with terrific speed, crashing into the rear car of the train, the locomotive passing two-thirds of the way through the car, carrying everything before it, crushing and scalding nearly every passenger, and killing fifteen outright. Seven more died within the next four hours, and five died during yesterday.

The shock overturned and broke the kerosene lamps in the smoking and baggage cars, and almost instantaneously the former was in a blaze, lighting up the scene and revealing the horrors which a moment before had been hidden by the darkness. The flames spread to the two passenger cars in front of the one telescoped, running with almost the rapidity of light over the varnished surfaces, and defying every attempt at putting them out. The cars were moved farther down the track beyond the bridge and allowed to consume, while all turned their attention toward the rescue of the unfortunate victims in the rear car, which, fortunately had not taken fire.

Most of the passengers and lookers on seemed perfectly stupefied, and hardly knew which way to turn or what to do. William G. Harris, ex-President of the Common Council of this city, who lives within a short distance, had hurried to the scene, and was almost immediately joined by his neighbors, Col. Porter, Andrew Burnham, Charles W. Bird and others who urged him to take charge of the operations. No time was to be lost, and orders were immediately issued to tear off the sides of the rear car and release those who were confined therein. All this time the shrieks and groans of the wounded were terrible to hear, while the certainty that a large number of the passengers in the rear car were dead lent additional horror to the scene. Strong ropes were procured, and after almost superhuman efforts the sides of the car were pulled off and the interior revealed. Nearly, if not all, the dead were taken from this car. As fast as they could be extracted from the wreck they were tenderly carried into the station and laid upon the floor, while shawls and coats were thrown over their faces. Some of the wounded were taken to the nearest houses, while those whom it was found necessary to send to the hospital, were placed upon the Pullman car, and one of the engines attached to be taken into Boston. Owing to some reason which will probably be explained at the inquest, this car was not taken in until 10½ o'clock, remaining nearly two hours after the wounded had been placed upon it. During this delay three of them died. Most of the injuries received were scalds, and the agony of the poor wretches while lying helpless and unattended to was intense. The the engineer refused to go until ordered by the conductor, and some of the citizens at last called for volunteers to take the train in. The conductor at last gave the requisite order, and the terrible carload of suffering and death sped on its way to Boston. Arrived here a portion were taken to the City Hospital and the remainder, with one or two exceptions, to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Their names will be found in the list of casualties.

Just before the departure of the train ex-Superintendent Prescott arrived with the new Superintendent, Mr. Thompson, and employes of the road. Everything had been done that could be done, however, for the relief of the wounded, and nothing remained but to see to the clearing up of the track. Instructions were given to the wrecking party, and by eight o'clock Sunday morning the road was clear and in perfect running order.

During the night the news spread by tongue and telegraph, and by ten o'clock people began coming in from the neighboring towns in teams and on foot. All night long the influx continued, the excitement constantly increasing. Among the crowd, to the shame of humanity be it said, were found some of those human ghouls who are always found at such places, and who sought every opportunity to rob the dead and wounded. A wounded man who had been taken from the wreck and laid upon the platform, fainted; and while those in charge of him went for a stretcher; he was robbed of his pocket book, containing over one hundred dollars.

All day yesterday the locality was thronged with people, vehicles from every direction constantly arriving, while crowds flocked in on foot from this city, Charlestown, Chelsea, Somerville, Saugus and Lynn. There must have been at least five or six thousand people on the spot during the morning. A strong rope had been stretched about the station where the bodies were lying, guarded by an efficient delegation of police. Around and against this the crowd surged, eager to catch any glimpse of the swollen and disfigured relics of humanity heaped upon the floor inside. Once or twice the line was broken through, but the crowd was forced back each time. Numbers employed themselves in searching about the sides of the track and scratching among the gravel in search of valuables or relics of the disaster. Among the articles found was a lady's gold watch, partially melted, several bunches of keys, a set of false teeth, fragments of clothing, and even shreds of flesh, thoroughly sodden by steam, which had dropped from the hands or faces of the victims of the disaster while being removed from the wreck. Here and there upon the platform, and by the side of the track, were dark suggestive stains, the sight of which made one involuntarily shudder. The debris had been carefully cleared away, and the track repaired early in the morning, but bits of iron, splinters, and the burnt ties, which could not be covered up, marked the accursed spot in the landscape as vividly as the brand marked the forhead of Cain.

Inside the little station, in the waiting rooms, in two ghastly rows lay the dead, just as they were placed the night before, their distorted and discolored faces covered from sight with rough coats and garments found in the wreck. Some of the bodies were swollen to twice their natural size from the effects of the steam, and in some cases the flesh upon the exposed places was so thoroughly cooked that upon being roughly touched it detached itself from the bones. In one instant the entire flesh upon a hand of one of the victims came off like a glove, leaving the bones white and bare. As fast as the bodies were recognized, labels were pinned upon their garments, and their friends sent for. The scenes upon their arrival were heartrending.

During the forenoon the bodies belonging to Lynn and Swampscott were claimed and carried away, and at noon the unrecognized and unclaimed were taken to the Town Hall, near the station. It was here that the venerable Dr. Gannett of this city was first recognized. Dr. Gannett was on his way to Lynn, where he was announced to preach yesterday. At the time of the collision he was probably engaged in reading a newspaper, as he had one tightly clutched in his hand. His death must have been immediate, and was caused by a blow upon the head instead of by the inhalation of steam

The following is a list of the victims of the disaster:

Killed—Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D. D., of Boston; Rev. Sumner R. Mason, D. D., of Cambridgeport; T. F. Bancroft, Lynn; W. H. Jeffries, do.; Harriet F. Shattuck, do.; Chas. B. Shattuck, do.; James Burns, do.; Ella Pearson, do.; Susan F. Cheney, do.; Geo. W. Bancroft of Peabody; Aaron Errickson of Swampscott; P. G. Swallow, do.; W. H. Emerson of Providence, R. I.; Hervey A. Foster, do.; Miss Emma Foster, do.; Edwin F. Sanborn, do.; Ernest S. Merrill of Danvers; W. B. Selfe of Beverly; Richard Fitzpatrick of Boston; John B. Wells, do.; Mary A. Crowley, do.; John F. Kelley of East Boston; Maurice Connell of Charlestown; Mrs. P. C. Jasper, residence unknown. Three others, whose names are unknown, are reported to have died on Sunday afternoon.

Injured—Thus far is has been impossible to procure a full list of the wounded. Many who were slightly and even seriously injured, were taken away by their friends, or made their way home by themselves, while others are averse to having their names published in connection with the accident, on account of distant friends. We give below the following list: S. E. Mudge, fatally injured, Boston; Frank B. Cotton, Longwood, scalded in hands and face, doing well. Edmund B. Hull, Boston, hands badly scalded, doing well. Jacob Allen, Lynn, badly scalded. Ann Rawson, Lynn, probably fatally injured. M. Mansfield, Salem, bruised and scalded. Mary Lee, Salem, arm badly broken above the elbow, and severely scalded. C. W. Poulson, Wilmington, Del., very slightly bruised. John B. Butts and wife, Salem, severely scalded. M. Richardson, Chelsea, badly scalded and bruised. Mrs. Cheney, Lynn, badly scalded in the face, and one eye destroyed. Her daughter-in-law was among the killed. Her grandchild, a babe of a few months old, received a few slight bruises. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Boston, severely but not dangerously wounded on the head and arms. George G. Hill, Lynn, badly, scalded. Mary A. Call, Salem, severely but not dangerously scalded. Frank Fitzpatrick, Cambridgeport, arm badly crushed—since amputated. Jefferson Rowe, Portsmouth, N. H., right arm broken, and compound fracture of the left leg below the knee. Edward Williams, Lynn. Frederick B. Browning, Boston, slightly injured. Ann Foley, Boston, badly scalded. John Buckley, Beverly, seriously scalded and burned. Stephen O. Thayer, printer, of Newton, badly scalded and burned. Miss Lizzie Hatch, Charlestown, slightly burned; Mr. Hokey of Boston, 70 years old, badly scalded; Charles H. Stocker, South Salem, arm broken; and severely scalded; Edward Haley, Boston, scalded on head and hands, and crippled in feet and hands.

The following narative and incidents of the slaughter are given by the *Journal:*

Charles T. Story, of the firm of Charles T. Story & Co., 121 Shawmut avenue, with his wife and little daughter, was on his way to Beverly to wisit some friends, and took passage on the accommodation train. His statement is an exceedingly interesting one, and we give it in full:

"I went to the Eastern railroad station on Saturday evening in time to take the 7.15 accommodation train for beverly. There was a large number of passengers waiting for the same train, and a great deal of impatience was manifested because it was so late. It was a quarter to eight o'clock when the train came in which was to go out again. A grand rush was made for seats, and they were filled so quick that we could not get seats together.

We were in the first passenger car, the third from the rear near the door. I sat in the seat with a gentleman whom I supposed to be a season ticket-holder from the fact that the conductor merely nodded to him when he took up the tickets. I held my little girl in my arms, and my wife sat in the seat directly behind me with another lady whom I did not know. The aisles of the cars were all crowded. When we reached Somerville there was a stop, and the whistle sounded. It was something unusual, and created a good deal of excitement in the car. The windows were all shoved up, and the passengers looked out. The conductor, who was taking up tickets, called out, 'Please keep your seats; there is no danger!' The woman who was sitting with my wife appeared a good deal troubled, and said, 'There is some thing wrong about the train. I know there is something going to happen.' Just after we left Somerville the gentleman in the seat with me put his head out of the window, and said, 'The express train is behind us; I can see it.' The passengers all seemed to feel nervous, as if they had some premonition of what was coming. We made the regular stop at Revere, and had just got under way, moving very slowly, when the crash came. Although the window was open, I did not hear the whistle, but shook them down some who were standing in the aisle. I always supposed that in a collision of the kind the blow came like a thunderclap and was over, but here it was a long, grinding crash, lasting, it seemed to me, fully five seconds. Instantaneous with the first sensation the lights were extinguished, and inside the cars it was total darkness. Some one called out, 'The danger is all over—don't be afraid!' The passengers were trampling over one another in their fright and excitement, and I called out the same words. For a second it seemed as if they would have some effect, but the next instant a man near the rear door shouted, 'The car is on fire!' and the excitement was fiercer than ever. We all got out at last. My wife had fainted and I laid her on the grass, telling my little girl to stand by her while I helped the others rescue the injured. All this time the air was filled with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the excited cries of the unhurt passengers and those who happened to be in the vicinity. Men were running about in the greatest excitement, and for a few minutes there was no system of action. The engine had struck the rear car full in the centre, entering about two-thirds of the way, carrying passengers and seats before it in a crushed and confused mass to the forward end of the car. The blow broke the cap of the engine, and the boiling steam poured in full volume amongst them, scalding those who were not already crushed to death. Several gentlemen, residents of Revere, and passengers, with more presence of mind than the rest, began to tear off the sides of the car to release the sufferers. After several ineffectual attempts a strong rope was procured and the sides pulled away. As fast as we could get at the bodies we carried them into the depot and laid them upon the floor. The wounded in both cars were taken to the nearest houses and cared for, excepting the most seriously injured, who were placed in the Pullman car to be taken to Boston. The only man I saw injured on the express train was the baggage master. He was at the brake at the rear of the baggage car when the collision occurred, so he said, and was caught between the platform of the two cars front and rear. He was sitting upon the platform of the baggage car, the other one lapping over and resting upon his thighs. One of his hands were terribly bruised. He was in that position over an hour, and yet bore his pain with the greatest fortitude, talking with the men around him constantly. A jackscrew was finally procured and he was taken out and put on board the Pullman car. One of the first men I saw when I got out of the car was a young man, well dressed, holding up his hands, with his face apparently scalded and bruised. The blood was dripping from his fingers. I asked him if he was hurt. He said, "I don't know; I feel all on fire." I looked and saw that his clothes had been nearly stripped from his back, and he was somewhat, but not seriously burned. He was anxious to know if his face was disfigured. I told him, "No," when all at once he threw up his hands, and with a yell ran up the track as fast as he could, and I saw no more of him. A moment after I saw a woman lying upon the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and shoulder, and her face badly scalded. She must have been suffering intense pain. I asked her what I could do for her. She replied, "There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it." She was taken to a house near by and laid upon the floor, with a bundle of bloody clothes for a pillow. She would not let the doctor attend to her injuries until she knew that the others had been seen to. There were several others badly hurt in the same house. After the train had been thoroughly cleared I got my wife and little girl a place to stay, and got on a Lynn horse car. I went to Lynn and spread the news, and a train was sent up."

A Mr. Walker of Salem says that he was sitting in the rear car at the time of the collision, on the same seat with Mrs. Cheney, who was killed. They knew the express train was in the rear, but did not hear the whistle, and the crash was the first intimation they had of their danger. He was pressed between the side of the car and the engine, and escaped without injury.

A gentleman who said he was formerly an engineer on the road stated that he was on board the Pullman train and knew that they were close upon the accommodation. He felt nervous about it, as did some of the rest of the passengers. When passing Everett the train slackened speed, but soon after put on a full head of steam, and was going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, when the collision occurred.—He said that the whistle of the train and the crash were simultaneous.

The station master and conductor of the accommodation train claim that the red signal was at the must-head, and the two signal lanterns at the rear of the train, as a warning to keep back, and this statement is corroborated by numbers of people living in the vicinity, who say the lights were plainly perceivable half a mile down the track. The engineer and fireman both claim, however, that the weather was so thick that they could net see them, and they supposed the way was clear. The engineer leaped from the train at the same time with the fireman.

There was one man on the Pullman train who did stick to his post, and that was Jefferson Rowe, the baggage master. He sprung to the brake in the rear of the baggage car, and while turning it was thrown down by the shock, getting both legs and one arm jammed between the two platforms. His story is told in the statement of Mr. Story.

Some of the escapes from instant death in the disaster were almost miraculous. One man from Lynn, who had been on a vacation, was returning home, with a friend sitting on the same seat. His friend was instantly killed, while he was thrown to the top of the engine and held pressed against the ceiling of the car. He remained in that position, unable to move, until the sides of the were torn off, when he rolled down, the only injuries he sustained being those occasioned by the fall.

One young man who sprang from the door of the rear car a second before the crash was struck and stunned in some manner he could not explain, and was taken out unhurt from under the rear trucks of the locomotive.

Another, who was looking out of one of the windows, was thrown out headlong upon the track, bruising one hand slightly, and escaping the death which would certainly have been his portion had he remained inside.

☞We learn from the *Kennebec Journal* that Samuel Smith of Manchester, a man about sixty years of age, was arraigned in the Municipal Court, Hallowell, Thursday, charged with the crime of adultery with the wife of Samuel Cunningham of Hallowell, on Tuesday. Mrs. Cunningham has children and is about seventy-five years of age. Her husband appeared against her, charged her with the crime. Smith was found guilty and ordered to recognize in the sum of $1000 for his appearence at the next term of the Supreme Court. Failing to procure bonds he was brought to Augusta and committed to jail.

Special Notices.

Exuberant Health

Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve these precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more liberties he is inclined to take with his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, as to have a much better chance of long life, and exemptions from disease and pain, than the most athletic of their fellows who are foolish enough to suppose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world need an occasional tonic to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic is the grand desideratum of the busy millions, and they have the article in contemplation who read these letters. It is a staminal medicine, i. e. it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced *ad libitum*, and, as far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivaling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left far in the rear. It has been the great medical success of the present century, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sundays excepted), the whole year through, hardly supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over eight millions a year.

4w39

Use the "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" with scouring brick, in cleaning iron or steel. It saves one-half the labor and gives a better appearance.

The "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" makes tin ware shine like new, and has no equal in cleansing glass or china.

To make the best Soft Soap in the world, dissolve the "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" in boiling water.

The "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" washes flannel without shrinking them, and renders them as soft and fleecy as new.

To produce a clear, bright, healthy and beautiful complexion, use the "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" for toilet purposes.

For sale by DEERING, HOLWAY & CO., Augusta.

☞**The Best Hair Dressing** in the world is Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon. It has been tested for over 20 years, and is constantly growing in favor. It not only beautifies the hair, but causes it to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling out and turning gray. 4w39

Unfading Loveliness

Belongs only to the immortals, but whoever uses the fragrant *Sozodont* can at least defy time to injure one of the elements of beauty, a good set of teeth.

Married.

In this city, 25th ult., by Rev. Samuel Upjohn, Franklin Whitney to Ella S. Pullen.

In Calais, 20th ult., George E. McGoon to Jennie Webber, both of Calais.

In Dexter, 21st ult., by M. Butters to Fannie V. Nordstrom, both of Corinna.

In Mt. Vernon, 20th ult., by Rev. J. Edgcomb, Martin V. B. Williamson to Ruth L. Jose, both of Mercer.

In Winslow, 7th ult., by C. C. Cornish, Esq., Gorham Preble to Lizzie Swears.

In Dexter, 23d ult., by Josiah Crosby, Esq., John A. Sheridan to Annie B. Wentworth, both of Exeter.

In Waldoboro', 19th ult., by Reuben Orff, Esq., Ambrose Hoch of Waldoboro', to Catharine Oliver of Damariscotta.

In Guilford, C. W. Connor to A. Iola Prescott, both of G.

In East Machias, 12th ult., Nathan McGuire to Elizabeth A. Ackley, both of Cutler.

In Skowhegan, 28th ult., by Rev. James McNelly, Irving A. Spear of Skowhegan, to Miss Isabelle M. Wing of Canaan; 23d ult., James R. Barrett to Sarah M. Gifford, both of Fairfield.

In Sebec, 12th ult., Charles W. Lamson to Mary E. McPherson, both of Brownville.

Died.

In Bath, 21st ult., Isaac Smith, aged 90 years 7 months

In Clinton, 20th ult., at the residence of Mr. John Albson, his son-in-law, Capt. Moores, a soldier in the war of 1812.

In Dover, 13th ult., Eliza Robinson, aged 25 years.

In Manchester, 30th ult., Charles E., son of Eliab Lyon, Esq., aged 41 years.

In Harrington, 15th ult., Elisha Coffin, aged 87 years.

In Calais, 19th ult., Mrs. Sarah Caroline M. Purple, aged 43 years.

In Sweden, 15th ult., Capt. Thomas Chute, aged 68 years.

In Windsor, 11th ult., Mrs. Elvira, wife of Jeremiah Connor, aged 74 years.

In Newry, 10th ult., Willie J., son of Nathan S. and Mary A. Baker, aged 9 years.

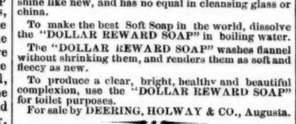
In Skowhegan, 4th ult., Mrs. Helen M., wife of Geo. H. Palmer, aged 33 years.

In Sullivan, 15th ult., Mrs. Thankful, widow of the late Millens Urann, aged 70 years.

In Ellsworth, 10th ult., Clarence Howard, son of Albert M. and Sarah F. Hopkins, aged 7 months.

In Steuben, 13th ult., Alonzo Wakefield, aged 38 years.

SESSIONS & KNOX'S
Patent Hard Steel Plows



EMBODY IN THEIR SHAPE THE SCIENTIFIC adaptation of natural lines embraced by KNOX'S PATENT, and have extra qualities of hardness, each piece of metal being made by a process that converts about one-third on each side into steel, and allows it to be hammered as much as fire and water can make it, while the centre remains soft or flexible. This gives them a toughness that avoids the liability of breakage so general with other plows, and a surface better adapted to slide through the soil, which reduces the amount of power required and further adds to durability.

MADE ONLY BY

AMES PLOW COMPANY.

WAREHOUSES,

Quincy Hall, Boston, and
53 Beekman St., New York.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR. 5w39

To the Voters of Augusta.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
Augusta, Me., Aug. 25, 1871.

YOU are hereby notified to assemble at your respective Ward Rooms on Monday, September 11, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to give in your votes for the following officers, viz: For a Governor of the State, for two Senators for the Seventh Senatorial District, for two Representatives to the Legislature, for a County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Clerk of Courts and Register of Deeds.

The Polls to be closed at 4 o'clock P. M.

The Board of Aldermen will be in open session for the purpose of correcting the lists of voters, and of receiving evidence of the qualifications of voters whose names are not on the lists, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday preceding the day of election, from nine o'clock A. M. to one o'clock P. M. On Saturday afternoon the Board of Aldermen will be in session from two to four o'clock.

2w39 L. H. TITCOMB, City Clerk.

PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE

—IS—

A Safe Place

—TO—

GO OR SEND FOR

Pure Medicines,

TOILET GOODS,

DYE STUFFS,

And Choice Family Goods.

The place is under Granite Hall, Opposite the Farmer Office.

39

Farm for Sale.

My farm with one-story house and ell, containing nine rooms, all in good repair. Barn 42x60 feet, carriage house, hog house, &c; 80 acres of land, 20 of which is wood. Never failing springs supply the pastures with water, also running water at the barn yard; fruit enough to nearly pay interest on the cost of the farm. Said farm is 1½ miles east of Winthrop Village, lying between the old and new roads to Augusta.

Also my stock, consisting of Pure Blood Jersey Cows, Yearlings and Calves, comprising some of the best blood in the State. Address or inquire of A. ROBINSON, (on the premises), Winthrop, Maine. 41t39

Farm for Sale.

Known as the Isaac Gage farm, situated in WATERVILLE, 1½ miles from Waterville Village, containing 80 acres of land; is well watered, cuts about 25 tons of hay; a good orchard of over 100 trees, mostly grafted, besides 100 young New York trees; about 25 acres of wood within ¼ mile of depot.

For further particulars inquire of

Waterville, Aug. 28, 1871. R. M. GAGE.
cow3w*39

Notice.

WE wish about 30 excellent teachers for the public schools among the Freedmen of this State. Earnest christian workers only desired. The pay will be $18 per month, board and travel. Some will get more, some less, according to the locations in which they are employed. Schools open in 10th month. Applicants will please address the Superintendent, SAMUEL H. JONES.
Richmond, Va., 8th mo, 25th, 1871. 3w*39

Consumption,
ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE,
By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

MANY a human being has passed away, for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proved means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proven that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two-thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms, of

CONSUMPTION.

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Podophillum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but unlike calomel, they

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and mucous deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acts vigorously, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

The Seaweed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing, without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the greatest Blood Purifier ever yet given by an indulgent Father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Nature cannot be cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings it prepares them for expectoration, and lo! in a very short time the malady is vanquished, the rotten throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in all the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room, until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure cannot be effected. Fresh air and riding out, especially in this section of so cuable them to support the strain upon their bodies country in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients, if their lungs are badly diseased; and yet, because they are in the house they must not sit down quiet; they must walk about the room as much and as fast as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patients must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. This has a great deal to do with the appetite, and is the great point to gain.

To despair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal statement to the faculty of his own cure was in these modest words:

"Many years ago I was in the last stages of consumption: confined to my bed, and at one time my physicians thought that I could not live a week; then like a drowning man catching at straws, I heard of, and obtained the preparations which I now offer to the public, and they made a perfect cure of me. It seemed to me that I could feel them penetrate my whole system. They soon ripened the matter in my lungs, and I would spit up more than a pint of offensive yellow matter every morning for a long time.

As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pains and night sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty that I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since.

I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the Doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety-seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and twenty-five (225) pounds, and for years I have enjoyed uninterrupted health."

Dr. Schenck has discontinued his professional visits to New York and Boston. He or his sons, Dr. J. H. Schenck, Jr., or Dr. Spencer, will continue to see patients at their office, No. 15 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, every Saturday from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged $5. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs, and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not.

The directions for taking the medicines are adapted to the intelligence even of a child. Follow these directions, and kind Nature will do the rest, excepting that in severe cases the Mandrake Pills are to be taken in increased doses; the three medicines need no other accompaniments than the ample instructions that accompany them: First, create appetite. Of returning health appetite is the most welcome symptom. When it comes, as it will come, let the despairing at once be of good cheer. Good blood at once follows, the cough loosens, the night sweats are abated. In a short time both of these morbid symptoms are gone forever.

Dr. Schenck's medicines are constantly kept in tens of thousands of families. As a laxative or purgative the Mandrake Pills, are a standard preparation: while the Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure of coughs and colds, may be regarded as a prophylacteric against consumption in any of its forms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, $1.50 a bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Agents.

Schenck's genuine medicines are sold in Augusta by CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, opposite the FARMER Office. 1y50

Notice.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society will commence in the Society's building at Readfield Corner, on Monday, September 4th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to make arrangements for the annual Fair, which will be holden September 27th and 28th. Let us *all* attend this meeting and interest ourselves for the success of the Society, which has been, although crops are a partial failure and many things are unfavorable, we may present our best front, and if possible, sustain our high position among the agricultural societies of Maine. GEO. A. RUSSELL, Secretary. 1w39

PORTLAND
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Poetry.

THE SINGER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The Singer referred to in the following poem is Alice Carr, with whom Mr. Whittier was on terms of very cordial intimacy for many years.]

Years since, (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had
Even then a s...ile too sweetly sad;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the West:
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me:
I queried not with destiny:
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed.

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing bird forbid?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door.
But left me richer than before:
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed; through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became;
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew,
Unguessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosom stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led;
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place,
To you, to her,—I know not where,—
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between:
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbird sings; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Floats some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

Our Story Teller.

MY FELLOW-CLERK.

Lodgings in Copenhagen are scarce and dear, are always unfurnished, and must be taken for long terms and on particular days. Part of this inconvenience is due to custom, part to absurd police regulations; but the result is to make the Danish capital anything but an agreeable place of residence for young men of moderate means. And on that account I thought myself exceedingly lucky in being permitted to be a member of the household of my employer, M. Hansen, of the firm of Hansen and Hoyer, merchants.

Hansen and Hoyer did a good deal of business in the export trade. They dealt with Russia, Sweden and Pomerania, as well as with London and New York; and it is wonderful in how many commercial pies the house had contrived to insert a finger, never without profit, as their books could prove. I, their only English clerk—all the rest being Danes, except a middle-aged Frenchman, with a wig and a gold eye-glass, who lived at the Hotel des Empereurs,—was also the only clerk who resided under the roof of the senior partner. M. Hansen was married, of course, and his wife was an English lady; his whole family consisted of a son, Karl, and a daughter, Margaret,—an extremely pretty girl. As for myself, I was then twenty-four years old, and had been two years at Copenhagen, whither I had been sent, more with a view to acquire the Continental method of doing business, than with any reference to salary. Indeed, I was regarded rather as a pupil than as a regular employe of the firm; though Hansen and Hoyer did keep me pretty hard at work too, with invoices, manifests and letters.

When I first heard that a new clerk, a countryman of my own, was coming out from England to take his place at the desk and in the family circle, I was rather glad than otherwise. There are but few English residents at Copenhagen, and my opportunities for speaking my native tongue were scanty. The Danes, it is true, are excellent linguists; and M. Hansen spoke very pure English when he chose, but he seldom did choose; while Margaret talked Danish to please her father, of whom she was very fond. Karl was a thorough Scandanavian; and even Madame Hansen, though in the course of her twenty-three years' residence in Denmark she had never been able to acquire the difficult pronunciation of the northern language, still tried hard to conform to every habit of her husband's country. I was, therefore, not sorry that a compatriot of mine, necessarily ignorant of Danish, was about to join us, and the rather because I should find my task of the London correspondent considerably lightened thereby.

There was one misgiving, and the only in my mind, when I learned that Mr. Charles Simpkins—that was the name of the new clerk—was to be a member of the Hansen household. I was somewhat apprehensive of the effect which this new comer, fresh from a city which the Danes naturally regard as Babylon the Great, might produce on Margaret's imagination; for I loved Margaret dearly, and had loved her long, and hoped that I should, when my probation was over, bear away that fresh, sweet Danish rosebud to my own English home. I was pretty well off, I ought to say, as regarded prospects, since my father was a thriving merchant at Hull, and I was to be one of the firm as soon as Hansen and Hoyer pronounced me a perfect adept in all the mysteries of book-keeping, correspondence and underwriting. My father was concerned in the Baltic trade, and it was of the greatest importance that one at least, of its members should have an intimate knowledge of that part of the world of traffic which lies beyond the stormy Skager Rack.

The letter, however, which M. Hansen showed me, and which was written by the new comer's uncle, Mr. Grantley of Nunn and Grantley, Thames street, the old and staunch correspondents of the Danish house, reassured me immensely. Mr. Grantley made it a special request that his nephew, for whom he seemed to entertain a sort of kindly contempt, should be kept hard at work in a manner that should "take the nonsense out of him." It appeared that Mr. Charles Simpkins was the son of a clergyman in Suffolk; that he had been somewhat spoiled at home, was the idol of half a dozen elder sisters and an affectionate mother; and that he bade fair to turn into an entirely useless member of society. His uncle admitted that he was a very good young man, amiable, gentle and well-conducted, though not the genius he fancied himself; but it seemed that he played the flute, wrote mawkish poetry, and esteemed himself a Byronic hero—all sins of the first magnitude in the eyes of his gruff relative, who was a hard-headed man of business.

So the rich uncle, to whom the Suffolk vicar and his family were under great obligations, and of whom they evidently stood in awe, had insisted that his nephew should do something "to earn his own living in a creditable way;" and there happened to be no vacant stool just then in the counting-house of Nunn and Grantley, the young man had been consigned to the tutelage of Hansen and Hoyer, who were to receive a fair premium for teaching him all that related to tallow, timber, methylated spirits, Riga hemp, Seeland oats, and Jutland hides.

"I shall put the poor fellow under your charge, Brooks, after office hours; for, of course, old M. Adolphe will be his mentor in the counting-house. I trust you to see he gets into no scrapes, and to protect him against undue quizzing or practical jokes on the part of our youngsters, who are a little rough at times, as you know, though good-hearted lads in the main."

This was true enough; the young Danes, most of them country-bred youths, who were seated, during office hours at the many desks in Hansen and Hoyer's counting-house, were inclined to be a little boisterous and fond of horse-play, like their Viking ancestors, when the staid elder clerks were out of the room. They had also a turn for caricaturing and burlesquing any personal foible or peculiarity in their compeers, and especially in a stranger. Well-meaning as they were, it was rather awkward work for a new-comer who was sensitive or timid to endure the ordeal of this novitiate. I had fared well enough, having luckily learned, as a public schoolboy, the use of my tongue and fists. From the day when I was fortunate enough to give a back fall to Simon Bugge of Lapland, a big young islander, who was disposed to play the bully, I was voted by acclamation an honorary member of the guild of clerks. This aforesaid Simon Bugge took the lead socially in our counting-house. His ugly name, which in Norse etymology, has reference, not to blood-suckers, but to building, created no prejudice against him; on the contrary, to be a Bugge was his chief claim to distinction among us, since his surname belonged to a house which all genealogists acknowledged, in common with other bluff monosyllables, to be "Aldgrammel," or one of the antique, untitled nobility of Denmark. But this very Simon, for whom I had proved an over-match in wrestling and repartee, was somewhat given to hector over weakly, shy boys who sometimes joined us, and I feared that Simpkins would be just the butt to suit him. However, I resolved to do my best to protect and encourage the poor fellow.

"The house frau and the demoiselle wait tea for you, sare," cried a shrill Danish female voice, through the key-hole of my door as I sat musing at the open window. "De ozer Inglis gentleman shall have come just now."

In response to good old Sophie's summons, I hastened down to the "parlor," so called, where a tall silver samover, one of those things which the richer of Copenhagen's residents have borrowed from their Russian neighbors, and where steaming and fragrant tea, cranberry jelly, fresh Norway strawberries, cream—such as only Denmark and Holland produce,—with an unwonted display of cakes, fish and fowl, evinced that the quiet family meal had been hastily added to for the purpose of appeasing the hunger of the fasting new comer.

That new comer was there, of course, in the high tide of conversation with both the ladies, rattling, chattering, and producing more peals of silver laughter from Margaret's sweet lips, than I had ever heard before in so short a space of time.

"Mr. Brooks, let me introduce you to the new member of our family circle, Mr. Charles Simpkins. Do, pray, Mr. Simpkins, try that cold fowl; we are famous for chickens in Seeland. You cannot have had anything to eat since you left Jutland; and I am sure, though you are too polite to say so, that you must be half-starved," said worthy Madame Hansen, piling buttered cakes and short-cakes lavishly on her guest's plate, while her daughter poured out for him some such tea as we never get in England, the fine Russian caravan tea, brought overland from China, at about sixteen shillings a pound. For my part I stared at my fellow clerk, forgetting my good manners in my curiosity, and utterly at a loss to account for the singular description which his uncle had been pleased to pen, of a nephew of whom most uncles, as it seemed to me, might have been proud.

Instead of the clumsy, conceited, bashful hobbledehoy whom I had pictured to myself, I beheld a strapping fellow of six or seven and twenty, as I guessed, with a flashing eye, crisp, curling hair, a handsome merry face; a thought reckless, perhaps, but very pleasing in feature and expression. The new clerk was very well dressed, rather over-jeweled, I thought, but attired in a way that served to set off his showy person remarkably well. He had a bold soldierly, air an ease of manner that I was angry with myself for envying, a flow of airy, joyous talk, and the most irresistible laugh I ever heard. The Hansen ladies were not, I dare say, the easiest people in the world for a stranger to get on with. Margaret was rather proud and reserved, and Madame was apt to be a little absent, her mind running much on household cares and duties, while her efforts to play the part of a Danish matron, *pur sang*, imparted a constraint to her bearing. And yet in ten minutes Mr. Simpkins had contrived to fascinate them both.

M. Hansen was out, and Karl was spending the evening with some young friends of the boat club; so we four were alone together. But had there been forty present instead of four, I do not think the new recruit to the counting-house of Hansen and Hoyer would have been abashed by the number of strangers who might be scrutinizing his manners and address. Throughout the repast he rattled gaily on, now telling us the last scrap of news, social or political, from London; now telling numerous little anecdotes of curious things he had observed, or odd adventures he had met with on his journey from Suffolk parsonage to Copenhagen. He made us listen; he made us laugh, whether we wished to or no. And yet, such was his tact, that he never seemed unduly to monopolize the conversation, and when most amusing appeared least egotistical. No wonder that I looked at him in half credulous amazement, and asked myself mentally whether this was really the raw bumpkin whose protector and adviser I had been appointed by the head of the firm.

Quite late that evening there came a tap at my door, just as I was kicking off my boots, and the curly, dark hair and glittering eyes of my fellow-countryman were protruding into my room.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Brooks, may I come in? If you are not sleepy, and could spare me half an hour, I should enjoy a chat. Thanks! Are those your cigars on the chimney-piece beyond the Prussian stove? Will you try mine?" (producing a yellow leather case, full of Havanas that a king might have smoked); "they are called Barcley's best, and Barcley would not deceive *me*."

We smoked for some moments in silence, my own thoughts busy with the strange incongruities between the portrait of the new comer, as traced by his uncle, Mr. Grantley, of Thames street, and the young man himself. What Mr. Simpkins may have been thinking of I can possibly guess now, but at that time I had no sort of clue to his meditations. For some time, therefore, we puffed in silence at our cigars, which we were allowed by the rule of Danish domestic discipline to consume in our own rooms, but not where ladies were to be met with, since the Danes are less addicted to the use of tobacco, and less tolerant of its use than either the Dutch or Germans. At last Simpkins spoke—no longer fluently, but in short, measured sentences, broken by whiffs of his cigar. His words were fewer and his manner graver than before; and had I been less certain of the birth, parentage, and education of my interlocuter than I was, I should have said he was fishing for information, and trying in a guarded fashion to learn how matters stood with those who were to be his daily companions.

"Two years, Mr. Brooks—that's a long time; time enough to get a good knowledge of Denmark and its ways. I wonder how long my uncle's fancy will keep me here? Perhaps two years—perhaps twenty! Uncles—that is, rich uncles—are such despots."

He then went on to tell me that he had been considered from the very cradle, as his uncle Grantley's adopted heir; that the first lesson impressed upon his infant mind had had reference to the propriety of pleasing the wealthy merchant, but that by some ill luck he had generally managed to give fresh offence to this rich and irritable relative at each of the latter's rare visits to the Suffolk parsonage.

"But then," remarked Mr. Simpkins, smiling philosophically, "I am such a thoughtless fellow. I never shall learn prudence. Sister Dorty said so when I upset the currant jelly over my uncle's white ducks, some fifteen Septembers since. I very narrowly escaped being scratched out of his will that time, as I have heard from his solicitor. Always the same—careless, blundering—"

"Poets are privileged to be careless," interrupted I, half maliciously, and not quite sure whether I had touched a tender spot, or whether my new comrade might resent or feel embarrassed by any allusion to his rhyming tendencies. He did certainly give a little start, and a very slight look of annoyance darkened his handsome face; but it passed like a shadow from a mirror, and he was as good humored as ever when he laughingly confessed that he had promised Mr. Grantley not to meddle with the Muse, nor write poetry while engaged in mercantile pursuits—"not a line," he said emphatically, and then heaved a little sigh.

Very quickly, with his wonted tact, he contrived to turn the conversation, and drew from me, with a rapidity that surprised myself, almost every detail of my ordinary life at Copenhagen, the characters and pursuits of the family and members of the firm and so forth.

On one subject, and one only, I was dumb. My sentiments toward Margaret, and my hope that those sentiments might to some degree be reciprocal, were too sacred in my eyes to be made the theme of discourse with even the passantest of companions. But I doubt if the secret remained a secret to my fellow-clerk, for there was a knowing twinkle in his bright, hazel eyes as he remarked what a lucky fellow I ought to be esteemed in being lodged under the same roof with pretty Madamoiselle Hansen. However, his chief interest seemed to lie, strange to say, in those very business details which I should have imagined would have proved so dry and distasteful to him. He seemed never to weary of talking about Hansen and Hoyer, their commercial connection, their wealth, and the sources from which they drew it. He was quite interested in the information that the Russian merchants commonly paid the balance over in hard dollars and roubles, while Germany settled accounts with bills and notes, and Sweden preferred actual barter. He was evidently anxious to know every detail of our traffic, for which he accounted thus:

"You see, Mr. Brooks, it's a motto with me, when I do a thing, to do it thoroughly. It has been settled by the elders that I should 'go in,' as the phrase is, for commerce, and I may as well see my way, and know somthing of my new vocation. Perhaps uncle Gerantley may relent; but if not, I mean to try and become a model clerk. I really am ashamed of keeping you up so long. Twelve o'clock already! Good night, my dear sir!"

And off went Charles Simpkins, leaving on me an uncomfortable impression to the effect that I had been pumped dry of such information as I possessed, though for what reason I could by no means conjecture.

I do not desire to dwell upon the events of the next few days, during which Mr. Simpkins gave fresh proofs of the versatile powers with which he was endowed. That he was not bullied by the clerks it is hardly needful to say. Simon Bugge certainly made one or two attempts to turn the new comer into ridicule; but though the freshman spoke no Danish, he proved such a repartee in English and French, that the laugh was soon turned against his clumsy tormentor. An las to manual retaliation, Herr Simon had sense enough to perceive that a gentleman who could jump the sunk fence that skirted the warehouse, and lift the table that only Bugge and myself had ever managed, and that with much difficulty, to upheave and bend the office-poker across his knee, was likely to be more than a match for himself. No wonder that Mr. Simpkins became a sort of hero in the clerk's room, as any bold, muscular fellow is sure to do; but what really astonished me was the ardor with which he addressed himself to business. M. Adolphe, the old cashier, was not usually very partial to strangers, but he was loud in praise of the new comer's assiduity and ability. It was wonderful, it was astonishing, he said, that Mr. Simpkins, who had never been in a counting-house before, mastered the details of business as he did, and displayed such a genius for arithmetic. Most young men, even after years of training, left, as the Frenchman observed "*boucoup a desirer*," but in the case of our new recruit, wholly untried in commerce, *parole d'honneur*, it was marvelous!

I was by no means so satisfied with my countryman as M. Adolphe chose to be. It was not that I was jealous of his popularity among the clerks, or that I grudged him the cashier's good word and the approval of his employer; but I saw with dismay that Magaret, my pretty Margaret, between whom and myself a sort of tacit engagement, pledged more by eyes than words, had hitherto existed, was fascinated by this new and attractive guest. There was no excuse in disguising the fact. The brilliant Simpkins had thrown plain Walter Brooks into the shade; and though I felt jealous and mortified, I could not but own that the intruder was possessed of many accomplishments unknown to me. The new clerk was a clever fellow, a sprightly talker, a good musician, singing well, playing at all games, conjuring as if he had been an apprentice to a juggler, and never being at a loss for topics of conversation. My wonder was how such an Admirable Crichton had ever been reared in a quiet country parsonage; but it is not surprising that Margaret and Madame Hansen agreed in regarding the new inmate of their house as a phœnix, and that the former should begin to draw unflattering comparisons between myself and my gifted countryman. Under these circumstances I became morose and miserable, sat silent in a corner for hours, while Mr. Simpkins was at Margaret's side, gaily chatting, singing Italian bravura songs, or performing all manner of variations on the piano. I retired moodily to my own room, while my supplanter, as I deemed him, in the affections of my Danish beauty, had a clear field before him; and while he won the good opinions of Mr. and Madame Hansen, I took long country walks, thinking, with a heavy heart, how soon my own favor had been eclipsed by the brilliancy of this new favorite.

In one of these walks it was that I suddenly encountered the junior partner, Mr. Hoyer, who was driving in from a small villa which he owned, a league from Copenhagen, where he spent much of his leisure among his Dutch tulips, and quaint, old-fashion roses. Mr. Hoyer was an old bachelor,—a quiet personage with a fondness for horticulture, but a keen man of business. He had been for some time absent in Germany, and the Baltic provinces of Russia, and this was the first time of our meeting since his return. He greeted me cordially, for I had always stood well with him and he offered me a lift as far as Copenhagen. To refuse would have been churlish, so I complied with the proffer, much as in my present temper I preferred solitude; and we jogged along the sandy road, amid the croaking of the bullfrogs, in silence for some time.

"Brooks," said Mr. Hoyer, abruptly, "how do you like that new Adonis from England, the Herr Simpkins? I have only seen him once, and that was last evening when I dropped in for an hour at Hansen's house, and when, by-the-by, you had gone to bed, having a bad headache, eh?" And I thought Mr. Hoyer's eyes, as they surveyed me over the tops of his spectacles, had a knowing twinkle in them, and I dare say I reddened as they met mine.

"When I was a lad," said the good-natured merchant, "it was not thought a wise course to leave the field quite clear to a rival in the young lady's affections; but I suppose folks know better now-a-days. However," went on the worthy old gentleman, who was Hansen's junior in years, though not in standing, "I do not want to plague you unnecessarily, and so I may as well tell you that I don't believe Mr. Simpkins has any more intention of paying court to Mademoiselle Margaret than I have. It's his way, evidently, to make himself agreeable to every one. Why, he began to talk of flowers, and bulbs, and grafting to me; having got a hint, no doubt, of my mania for a garden. But I laughed in my sleeve, for I soon saw that the youngster knew nothing of the subject. I'll tell you what it is, Brooks,—I don't like that compatriot of yours, and I do not believe he's sincere. He is playing a part, though why I do not know and cannot guess; but such is the case, or my name is not Frederick Hoyer."

Much startled by this avowal—for it was the first time that I had heard anything but praise of our new friend—I asked Mr. Hoyer on what grounds he based his unfavorable opinion of the Englishman. But the former's dislike to the latter seemed rather the result of instinct than of reason, and he was obliged to own that he had heard nothing but good of the new comer, of whom old Adolphe, the cashier, a trusty servant of the firm these forty years, spoke in high terms. One remark of Mr. Hoyer's certainly did strike me much, chiming as it did with a preconvinced impression of my own which I had hitherto set down to be mere prejudice. Mr. Hoyer observed that, in the midst of all his merry flow of talk, the English clerk was restless, thoughtful, and ever ready to turn his head and listen to any sudden sound, such as the slamming of a door, the peal of a bell, or the roll of wheels. I had noticed this, but never had I recalled the peculiarity to my memory as vividly as when Mr. Hoyer mentioned that he, too, had been struck by it.

It was still early when we drove into Copenhagen, for I had risen at sunrise, and had started for my walk while the mist yet hung over the canals, and while the gueldor rose and shrubs of the suburban gardens were still heavy with the night dews. The merchant set me down at the corner of the street where Mr. Hansen lived, and drove on to his own residence—a second floor in one of the huge old brick and timber palaces built by bygone nobles, and now let out as lodgings. There was still an hour to spare before office hours.

"By-the-way," said Mr. Hoyer, at parting, "if you get to the counting-house before me, Brooks, I wish you would speak to M. Adolphe about paying the money which I brought from Russia into the bank. It makes me nervous to think of such an amount of specie lying in the office, though I was glad enough to consign it to our cashier's safe-keeping when I got here yesterday evening."

A minute more, and I was at home. I found the whole family assembled round the breakfast-table, but there was one member of our circle deficient. Mr. Cnarles Simpkins, hitherto the most punctual of mortals, was absent. Of this, however, I thought little; and when after waiting for ten minutes or so, Mr. Hansen sent one of the servants to tap at the sluggard's door, we all sat down cheerily to the morning meal. Coffee and cream, cakes and fruit, the salmon from Norway, and the Jutland plovers' eggs began to wane at the breakfast progressed, but my fellow-clerk did not arrive to put in any claim to a share in those delicacies. And Trudehen came back to say that she had knocked at the English herr's door till her fingers ached, but had recieved no reply. The door was locked, and there was no sound to indicate that the occupant of the chamber was stirring. Mr. Hansen pushed aside his plate and cup.

"The young Englander must be ill." said he; "such sound rest cannot be natural. I will go up stairs at once, and—But what is this? Donner! What a noise!"

An awful noise there was, a noise of tramping feet and shouting voices; and in a moment more a number of excited men came tearing down the street, and began knocking at the merchant's door. Most of these men, as I could see when I jumped from my chair and ran to the window, were packers, porters, messengers, and other persons in the employ of the firm; but at their head was a stout, elderly man, whose frantic gestures gave him the air of a madman, and in whom I was amazed to recognize our staid cashier, M. Adolphe.

The ladies screamed; and, indeed, this unexpected apparition forboded evil. Mr. Hansen threw open the window, and asked what had occurred. There was a hoarse shout of "Thieves!" and then the sturdy fellows doffed their red caps, and began awkwardly to sidle and nudge one another, evidently at a loss for words to explain what was amiss. But M. Adolphe, still breathless from the unwonted rapidity of his course, panted out,—

"De par tous les diables, Monsieus, it is the truth these honest men speak. Thieves. Yes, thieves; and of such an infernal audacity, of such artful cunning, that they have baffled all my precautions, and—ah! morbleu! it is too true, M. Hansen—the cash-box is stolen."

"The cash-box?" asked the merchant, half incredulously; "was it not secured in the safe as is the custom? My good M. Adolphe, I can hardly credit—" But he in his turn was interupted by the excited old clerk, who actually wept as he related how he had carefully locked the safe as usual, rather because of the large sum in gold which M. Hoyer had brought in, just as the office was about to be closed. The cashier had placed this heavy rouleau of gold in the cash-box, had locked the box, and securely stowed it away in the great iron safe, the key of which he wore on a steel chain that was round his neck by day, and under his pillow at night. On going to the office in the morning, a little earlier than usual, as there were arears of work to do in his department, M. Adolphe had found with horror that the safe was open, gaping, as he expressed it, like an oyster, and the money gone. The porters declared that they had found the counting-house, contrary to all rule, unlocked. That it had been locked the evening before was certain, and that the robber, whoever he was, had let himself in by the aid of a skeleton key was manifest. It was only too evident that the large sum which Mr. Hoyer had brought back from Russia, and the loss of which would seriously damage the firm, was gone, and probably beyond recovery.

Mr. Hansen was a strong-minded, even-tempered personage in general, but now he sank down in his chair, hid his face, and groaned aloud. His wife and daughter clung fondly to him, and their whispered words of womanly consolation lent him strength to shake off the bitterness of the pain. He rose, and managed to smile, he hushed the well-meant clamor of the subordinates, and even calmed down poor M. Adolphe's agitation in some degree. The latter worthy man was in a pitiable state of mind; he seemed to consider his reputation as a cashier tarnished forever by the loss of the treasure in his keeping, though there could be no doubt that he had been as careful a custodian as any fallible mortal could be. At last a thought struck the merchant.

"You say, Adolphe, that you closed the safe very late, after all the clerks had gone home, and while the messengers were putting up the shutters and closing the doors; was it not so?"

Yes, that had been the case, M. Adolphe declared. No one was left in his own part of the office except Mr. Simpkins, who was there when M. Hoyer entered with the cash, and stayed, most obligingly, to copy a letter in the book. He and M. Adolphe had quitted the office together.

"Ah! just so!" said Mr. Hansen, thoughtfully. "And Mr. Simpkins does not take his place among us at the table, for the first time, this morning. If—but it is hardly possible."

And the merchant, with a darkening brow and hasty step, left the room and hurried up stairs. Soon we heard him calling for help, for a hatchet, a crowbar, anything to burst open the door of the English clerk's room. I ran up at his summons, and our joint strength forced the door from its hinges. The merchant's worst suspicions were realized. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The bird had flown, and by a natural inference, Mr. Charles Simpkins was the plunderer of the counting-house, the robber of the cash-box. But we could hardly trust the evidence of our senses; that a young man of such respectable parentage and education, the son of a vicar and nephew of the second partner in the well-known house of Nunn and Grantley, should have played a prank worthy of Jack Sheppard, seemed scarcely credible. And we were still puzzled, too much surprised even to think of pursuit, when a carriage rattled up to the house, and a young gentleman getting out of it, feebly enough, and leaning on the arm of a stout, shrewd-faced man of middle age, rang the door-bell, and asked for the merchant, sending in his card; at which Mr. Hansen started blankly, and no wonder, inscribed on the card was "Mr. Charles Simpkins."

The whole truth came out at last. The tall, sandy-haired, awkward youngster before us, very pale and hollow-cheeked, poor lad, and with evident signs of illness in his face and gait, was the real owner of the name of Simpkins, and the real nephew of Mr. Grantley of Thomas street. He had started, weeks before, from England, but on his way to Copenhagen had unluckily been taken ill of a dangerous fever at Hamburg, and too suddenly to have time to write to his relatives or to Mr. Hansen. In this strait he had been, as he said, kindly cared for by a gentlemanly stranger, whose acquaintance he had made two days before, on his journey across Germany, and who had called in a doctor, and shown him considerable attention at the beginning of his malady. Then he had been delirious, and when he recovered his senses he found a Sister of Charity by his bedside, and the kind stranger was seen no more. It was not until his convalescence that he discovered that his desk and portmanteau had been ransacked, and most of his papers stolen, while he lay helpless and unconscious. It was easy to guess that these papers had been purloined by the stranger, whose description tallied with that of the false Simpkins.

"And to cut a long story short," broke in the stout man, "I'm Sergeant Bush, of the London police, and my business abroad is to apprehend the very individual that we're talking of. A desperate offender he is, and wanted on twenty warrants. His real name nobody knows. He was respectably bred, and more shame for him, but he usually goes by the name of 'the Prince,' among his pals. I don't wonder he's gammoned you, for he's uncommonly well spoken; and to act the part of this young gent here was a clever game after all! But let's try and catch him, though I'm afraid it's no go."

And so it turned out. Two days elapsed before we could even ascertain the tact that the fictitious Mr. Simpkins had taken his passage to Hamburg in a small coasting steamer, and that he had so timed his flight as to embark on board the New York packet. All trace of him and his booty was lost from that time forth. The loss of the large sum of money carried off by the imposter was a heavy blow to Hansen and Hoyer, but they tided over the season of trouble, assisted for my sake, by my own relatives in England. I have long been a partner in the house of Hansen, Hoyer and Brooks, and Margaret has long been my wife.

Fetch on your Rats.

Adam Bepler keeps a Dutch tavern in Allegheny, New York. One gloomy evening a man presented himself about bedtime, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the seedy-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be yourst one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will only trust me—"

"Ah," said Mr. Bepler, "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night with dat kind, but dat won't help me run dis house."

"Well," said the stranger, "have you got any rats here?"

"Yes," said Adam, "you'd better believe we have. "Why, the place is alive mit dem!"

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what to do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to-morrow."

"Done," said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises. So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy-looking man was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast the next morning Mr. Bepler took occasion in a very gentle manner, to remind his guest of the contract made the previous night.

"What, kill rats! Certainly," said the melancholy stranger, "where are they the thickest?"

"Dey are pretty dick in the barn-yard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," answered the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of hoop iron?"

A piece about fifteen feet long was given him, and he examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, finally, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn accompanied by Mr. Bepler and quite a party of idlers, who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door, and raised his weapon.

"Now," said he to Adam, "I'm ready. *Fetch on your rats.*"

☞A stranger, asked a noted stutterer how far it was to Byron. Haines, in replying, said: "Th-th-that it was a-a-a-a-bo-bo-bow-bow, bow-a-bow, a-bow—D—— it, go along; you'll get there 'fore I can tell ye."

Scientific and Mechanical.

Iron Paper.

The London *Mining Journal* records the production of the thinnest sheet of iron ever yet seen, and records the history of similar sheets. We condense. In 1851 a Pittsburg (Pa.) firm produced a sheet with a surface of 44 inches, weighing 69 grains, 1-1800th of an inch thick. A Welsh firm next made one of the same surface weighing only 46 grains. Staffordshire, England, produced still thinner sheets, which, reduced to the same standard would weigh only 33 and 31 grains respectively. After these came sheets which would weigh (reduced to the standard of a surface of 44 inches) 23½ and 23 grains respectively. But the Upper Forest Tin Works, near Swansea, have capped the climax. They have produced a sheet, 10x5½ inches, weighing 20 grains, which is but 16 grains for 44 surface inches, and it requires 4,800 placed side by side, to make one inch in thickness. This stands on record as the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled. The thinnest sheet of tissue paper to be purchased measures the 1200th part of an inch; is 4 times as thick as this.

Compressed Leather Scraps.

An article in Dingler's *Polytechnic Journal* gives a process for utilizing leather shavings and scraps. They are first cleansed, then soaked in water, containing one per cent. of sulphuric acid, until the material becomes soft and plastic; they are afterward compressed into blocks and dried by steam. In order to soften the blocks one pound of glycerine is added to one hundred pounds of material; they are then passed through rollers, and brought to the proper thickness to be used as inner soles of boots and shoes.

Nitro-Glycerine.

Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing glycerine first with strong nitric acid then with sulphuric acid. After chemical action ceases, the oily product is washed with water to remove acid; it is then in its explosive state.

Dimensions of Narrow Gauge Engines.

It appears that a narrow gauge locomotive, with driving wheels 36 inches in diameter, and cylinder with 16 inch stroke, at a speed of 36 miles per hour, develops the same speed of piston as a full gauge locomotive with 5 feet driving wheels and cylinder with 24 inch stroke, at a speed of 40 miles per hour. With driving wheels 40 inches in diameter, and 16 inch stroke of piston, the narrow gauge locomotive develops the same travel of piston in going one mile as does the full gauge locomotive with 60 inch driving wheels and 24 inch stroke of piston. Equal speeds are therefore attainable on the narrow as on the full gauge. The angle of stability of the narrow gauge locomotive, with 3 feet driving wheel, is somewhat greater than that of the common locomotive with 6 feet driving wheel. Many interested in the success of the narrow gauge system have been puzzled to understand why engineers claim equal safety and speed for the former with the wider gauge. The above facts give the reasons for these claims.

Gas Cooking.

Mr. Nixon, House Governor of the London Hospital, writes, respecting Leoni's gas-cooking apparatus: In the six months ending December 31st last, the large roaster was in use 125 days, being about six days short of a full half year's work. The waste of meat during this period averaged about 14 1-3 per cent., as against 33 1-3 per cent. under the old systems of roasting; while the consumption of gas was also reduced from a daily average of 610 to 250 cubic feet. The actual saving to the hospital in 125 days was—in meat, 4,579 pounds, and in gas 44,524 cubic feet, or for a full year's work of 261 roasting days, very nearly 10,000 pounds of meat, worth at present prices £296; and about 88,000 cubic feet of gas, costing £17 13s., and representing together an annual saving in money of £313 12s. M. Leoni is also the inventor of a useful small gas and electric steam engine.

Tints of Autumnal Foliage.

In an elaborate article by Mr. Sorby upon the varied tints of autumnal foliage, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, he comes to the conclusion that the production of the fine tints of autumn is an evidence of diminished vital powers of the plants. This generalization also agrees with the fact that the unhealthy branches of a tree turn yellow, while the rest remain green, the subsequent developement of more sombre tints being evidence of more complete death.

Effect of a Continued Bread Diet on Men and Dogs.

According to late experiments of Meyer, neither man nor dogs can be fed economically upon bread alone, an immense quantity of this substance being required to prevent the body from undergoing waste. By the addition of a small percentage of flesh a much less amount of total weight of food will answer the desired object. A persistence in the bread diet causes the tissues of the body to become more watery, and the entire organization is less capable of resisting injurious influences. In experimenting upon different kinds of bread Meyer found that white wheat bread was taken up in the greatest amount during its passage through the alimentary canal; next to this leavened rye bread; then the rye prepared by the Horsford process; and finally the North German black bread. With all these difference, however, the first kind is said to be less satisfying to the feeling of hunger than the other three, and to be more expensive in every point of view. Meyer does not admit that bran has the nutritious value claimed for it by many persons, since the nitrogenous compounds it contains are mingled with much non-assimilable matter.

Rendering Walls Water-tight.

It is proposed by Mr. F. Ransome, of London, to render stone and brick walls waterproof by coating them to saturation with a solution of silicate of soda, which is superficially decomposed by the further application of chloride of calcium. The surface thus obtained consists of silicate of lime, which is perfectly insoluble, while it does not alter the appearance of the wall.

Preventing Mould in Mucilage.

Solutions of gum-arabic are very liable to become mouldy, and while the introduction of creosote, corrosive sublimate, etc., frequently used to remedy this evil, is objectionable on account of the danger of poisoning, according to the *Industrie Blatter* sulphate of quinine is a complete protection against mould, a very small quantity of it being sufficient to prevent gum mucilage from spoiling. It is quite possible that writing ink might be protected by the same application from a like difficulty. The use of ammonia for the same purpose is also recommended.

Improved Turbine Wheel.

A recent patent is upon "making the buckets separate and movable, so that they may be polished for the purpose of lessening friction, or removed without taking the wheel apart, and providing a flange or bead upon each bucket, made in sections or continuous the whole length of the edge of the bucket, the flange fitting into a corresponding groove in the disks of the wheel, and secured by a screw bolt passing through the disks into the flange or the edge of the bucket. The upper portion of the mouth of the scroll is made so that it can be removed, which gives ready access to the gate, permitting the latter to be removed or adjusted without disconnecting the wheel from the flume. The gate is also provided with adjustable strips or bars placed on the inside by which compensation for wear is secured and leakage prevented.—*Sci. Am.*

Cementing.

Good cement face-work will stand well for many years without being painted. Cement that requires painting for durability, and not for appearance only, is of inferior quality; the principal object in painting cement-work is to give it a fresh appearance. Good Portland cement may be always told by its bright color of bluish tinge; the common is a dull slate-color. For face-work, two of gravel and one of cement is the best mixture, with the finishing coat half and half; too much cement in the mixture, making it technically too rich, is a common cause for cracks. Good cement the second day should be so hard that it can not be broken without difficulty; that which will crumble easily in the fingers on the second day may be condemned at once as not good.

Plating Zinc.

A difficulty is often experienced in causing oil-colors to adhere to sheet zinc. Roettger recommends the employment of the following composition: One part of chloride of copper, one of nitrate of copper, and one of sal-ammoniac are to be dissolved in sixty-four parts of water, to which solution is to be added one part of commercial hydrochloric acid. The sheets of zinc are to be brushed over with this liquid, which